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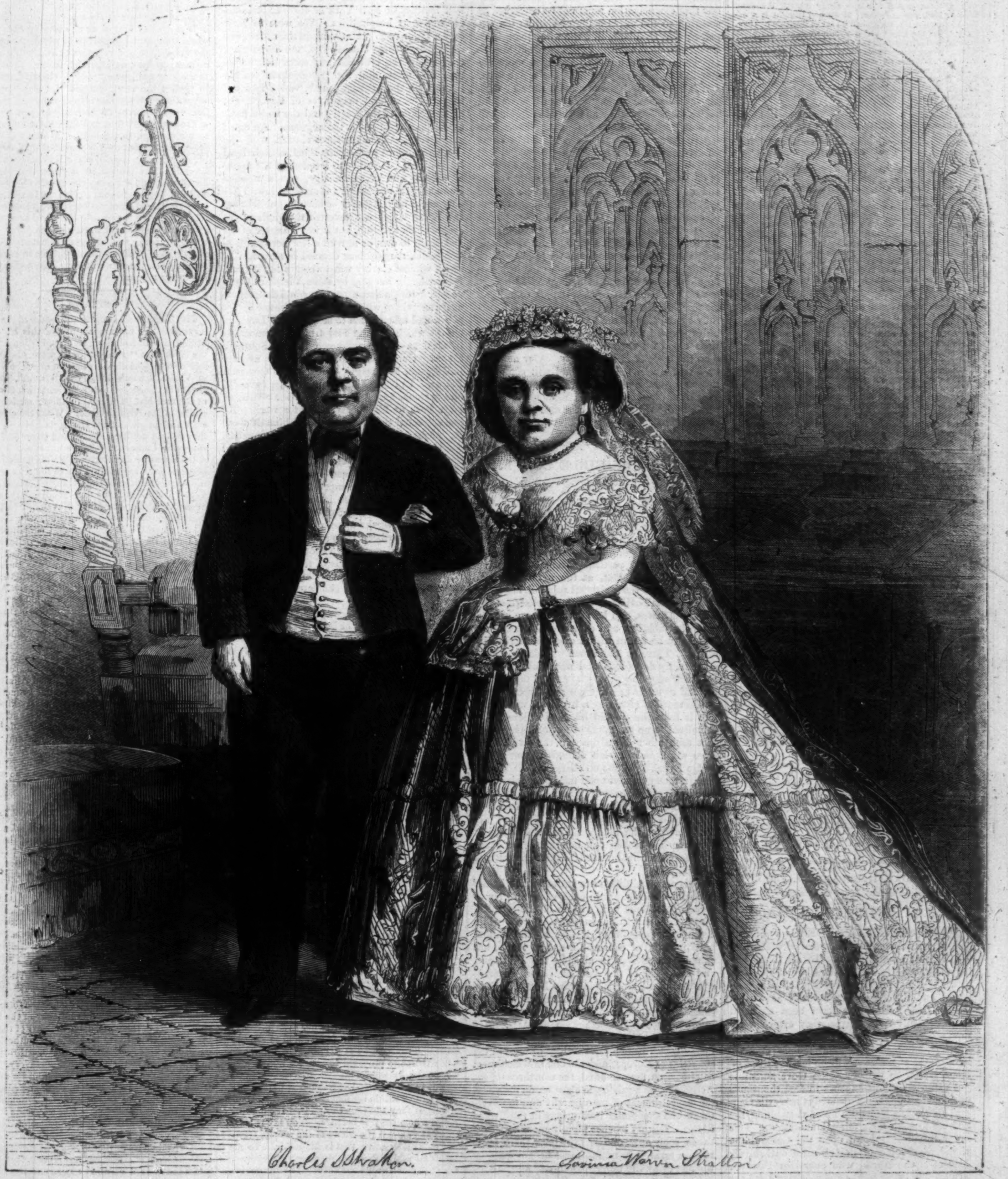


Charles S Stratton. Lavinia Warren Stratton

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES S. STRATTON (GENERAL TOM THUMB AND WIFE).—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

TOM THUMB AND HIS WIFE.

WE publish on the preceding page portraits of the two dwarfs—CHARLES S. STRATTON, better known as Tom Thumb, and Miss LAVINIA WARREN—in their wedding dress.

Tom Thumb's name and pigmy form are well known to every body. Fifteen years ago he was quite the rage, and boasted—probably with truth—that he had kissed millions of fair faces. He has since made his fortune, and has lived in *quasi* retirement at his place in Connecticut.

Miss Lavinia Warren was born in Middleboro, Massachusetts, in 1842, and is consequently twenty years of age. She measures 32 inches in height and weighs 29 pounds. Some months since Mr. Barnum engaged her to exhibit herself at his Museum, in this city, and shortly afterward it was announced that she was to be married to Tom Thumb. Since then the rage to see her has been wild among the ladies, and Mr. Barnum has been enabled to fill his Museum and his pockets with unusual rapidity.

The wedding took place at Grace Church on Tuesday, 10th February. We extract the following very graphic description of the affair from the New York *Herald*:

> We entered the sacred edifice. Grand, solemn, and silent dim aisles—"storied windows richly dight," etc.—and here, indeed, was the show. If we had thought it a delicious jam outside, what shall we say of it within? Here, indeed, was the true "vision of fair women." Here was the carnival of crinoline, the apotheosis of purple and fine linen. Never before was the scarlet lady seen to such advantage. Babylon was a rag fair to it.
>
> Ah! the musical rustle of silk as they passed us by; the lace! the feathers! the gems—and "the shining eyes like antique jewels set in Parian statue stone."
>
> There were silks of every possible hue, and thus a rich variety of colors in the picture. There was, too, every possible species of toilet—dainty head-dresses, delicate bonnets, and whatever can make the sex beautiful and lead every body else into temptation.
>
> But beautiful as they were they were not dwarfs. How many wished they were! How many regretted their "superb abundance!"
>
> Around the chancel, up and down the aisles, here, there, and every where throughout the church there were policemen, with their caps on, and order reigned in the matrimonial Warsaw.
>
> So we quietly took our comfortable seat, and listened to the magnificent organ and Morgan, who, between them, gave the overtures to "William Tell," and "Oberon," a march from "Tannhauser," and from "Robert the Devil" the air "Robert Toi que Jaime."
>
> As it became quiet in the church it became every minute more and more like a fairy festival. The music "groaning like a god in pain," the whole body of the church filled with beautifully-dressed women, and shed over all a luxury of golden light streaming in through the windows "diamonded with panes of quaint device." All these made it seem less like a matter of everyday nonsense than like the action of some old romantic story.
>
> There were several false alarms before the bridal party arrived. Then in came the great Phineas and several of the relatives of the happy pair, and took seats; and in a few moments more the stir and the buzz of voices near to the door told of the real arrival.
>
> Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren (the bride's sister) led the way, and the bride and bridegroom came after.
>
> Every body was on the cushions at once, and eager to see, though none could do so save the few who sat along by the middle aisle. But the murmur of voices and little exclamations and laughs followed the party, and marked their very slow progress up the aisle, until they reached the open space and ascended the steps of the little dais prepared for them in front of the chancel rail.
>
> Then the *nonchalant* Nutt handed his lady to the opposite side, Thumb and the bride stepped between, and there was the bridal party.
>
> Now Nutt, for size, is such a man as might be made after supper of a cheese paring. He is a full head shorter than Tom Thumb, but is self-possessed and easy to the most perfect extent. Tom Thumb is also considerably stouter than Nutt. He, a veteran in the show business, was also, of course, quite at his ease.
>
> Lavinia is a little lady of very fair proportions, decidedly of the plump style of beauty, with a well rounded arm and full bust, and all the appearance of *aimable embonpoint*. Her countenance is animated and agreeable; complexion decidedly brunette, black hair, very dark eyes, rounded forehead, and dimpled cheeks and chin.
>
> Her little sister is, to our heretical taste, the prettier of the two.
>
> Altogether they made, after all, a dainty little group.
>
> It was the great moment of the great show; the ladies were in such extreme ecstasies that there was perfect silence, and the Rev. Mr. Willey came forward and read the marriage rite. Thumb and Lavinia responded clearly and affirmatively at the proper places, and in due time a very tall and very slim gentleman in very black clothes, the very essence of respectability, ascended the steps of the dais with the measured tread of the Commander in "Don Juan," though he did not make so much noise about it, and gave the bride away.
>
> Then they knelt for prayer, and the rich sunlight fell through the painted windows upon them—
>
> And threw warm gules upon the bride's fair breast,
>   As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
> Rose bloom fell on her hands together prest,
>   And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
> And on her hair a glory like a saint.
>
> Upon the conclusion of the ceremony Dr Taylor, the Rector of Grace Church, pronounced the benediction. Bishop Potter was not present. The Potter was afraid to mould into one these two little bits of the precious porcelain of human clay.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

SLAVES IN LOUISIANA.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS is beginning to realize some of the practical difficulties which beset emancipation. In all those portions of the State of Louisiana which are held by the national forces slavery is practically abolished, and the slaves are actually as well as legally free. As might have been expected from suddenly freed slaves, they evince a remarkable disinclination to work. Hence, on the one hand, there is great danger that the bulk of the sugar crop will be lost for want of labor, while, on the other, the Government is put to an enormous expense to feed thousands of colored refugees. To remedy these evils General Banks has issued an order compelling the negroes to work for a fair remuneration. This order has drawn down upon the General the thunders of some of the extreme anti-slavery leaders of the North, who complain that our armies are being used as slave-drivers for the sugar lords of Louisiana.

Again, General Butler commenced, and General Banks is continuing, the work of enrolling negroes as soldiers, and forming them into companies, regiments, and brigades. This operation provokes the hostility of a large number of our Northern troops, in whom aversion to the negro is deeply ingrained. Something very like a mutiny broke out lately at Baton Rouge in consequence of the encampment of a negro battalion in proximity to some of our New York regiments. A colonel of one of the Louisiana colored regiments—himself a Northern white man—declared that he could hardly show himself at the St. Charles Hotel without being insulted. As at Port Royal, the white troops refuse to be brigaded with negroes, and many of their officers—who are too often the worst men in their regiments—lose no opportunity of showing their contempt for colored soldiers, and for the white men who are appointed to command them.

These are some of the practical difficulties with which General Banks has to contend. We are satisfied that he is the man to grapple with them. Reflection will by-and-by satisfy every one that emancipation must not be construed as securing to the negro a life of sloth at our expense; that the black, like the white man, if he would eat, must work. Emerging from hereditary slavery, he can not be expected to understand at once his responsibilities as a free man, and it is our duty, for the present time, by salutary and humane laws, to compel him to lead such a life as he would lead without coercion had he been born free and self-reliant. Those who regard the unwillingness of the negro to work as an evidence of his inferiority to the white, will do well to remember that every civilized nation in the world has vagrant laws on its statute book, and that time was when our ancestors needed the gentle stimulus of the law to compel them to earn their living. Time—the great physician—will cure this evil, and the other also. As soon as our troops see that the negro regiments can fight—as soon as a white general, or a white battalion, is rescued from peril by a gallant charge of colored men, they will begin to get rid of their prejudices. It took some time for the British soldiers in India to march cheerfully by the side of the sepoys. But when the latter showed that they were as ready to shed their blood for their flag as the whitest white man the pride of race gave way. Our new colored troops will fight well, and will command respect by-and-by. The greatest general who ever lived owed some of his most glorious victories to the valor of men of a race akin to that of the Southern slaves.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT AGAIN.

MR. RUSSELL'S Diary sheds light upon one point in our controversy. He delineates with the hand of a master the essential differences between Northern and Southern society. With the true instincts of a Briton he ridicules us for departing in any particular from the genuine British pattern. But, at the same time, he does justice to the universal spirit of industry, thrift, and self-reliance which characterizes the Northern States, and he admits that we are orderly, law-abiding, and averse to violence. At the South he fell in with a race essentially different. There he found men who deemed honest industry degrading, and who could not conceal their scorn for those who earned their bread by their own labor; among whom the only honorable mode of obtaining a livelihood was to derive it from the unpaid labor of others; who submitted to no restraints of law or society, but shot each other down daily in the street for a cross word, and hurried obnoxious persons to Judge Lynch's gallows on charges of Abolitionism; a race nurtured upon false principles, and bred in an atmosphere of injustice, violence, extravagance, and lawlessness. Between two such radically opposite peoples as he found at the North and at the South, the wonder was, not that war had broken out, but that peace could ever have been maintained for three generations of men.

This essential difference is overlooked by the politicians who entertain each other and try to delude the public with visions of compromise. Those eminent Northern patriots who, while claiming supereminent loyalty to the Union, have no word of censure for armed rebels, but exhaust themselves in abusing the President, and every act of the Administration, sneer at negro soldiers, and deride every Northern General who will not become the instrument of the reconstructionists, do not realize that we are fighting the battle of Democracy against Aristocracy—labor against capital—manhood against privilege—which has been fought out in most of the countries of Europe, and the end of which must be either, on the one hand, the overthrow of the Aristocracy as a privileged class, or, on the other, the establishment of an oligarchy and the overthrow of Democratic institutions in the United States. History teaches plainly enough that between such antagonistic principles there is no middle term. A nation must be governed by the one or by the other. Both can not coexist.

That Northern men have been held cheap at the South ever since cotton became a leading staple is notorious. In society the name "Yankee" has been a term of the bitterest reproach, and implied meanness, avarice, trickery, dishonesty, and cowardice. Their obvious mercantile capacity secured for Northern men toleration as merchants in Southern sea-ports. But they were always objects of contempt, more or less disguised. A Southern girl who married a Northerner was held to have disgraced herself: a Southern "gentleman" who brought a Northern wife to his plantation was pronounced to have been "taken in." The 350,000 slave-owners of the South—whose views control popular sentiment in that region—considered themselves an aristocracy to be classed with the lords of England, the boyars of Russia, and the barons of France, and looked down upon the best men of the North much as the Duke of Norfolk regards his tenants, or a Russian prince views a tradesman. Even in Northern society these prejudices could not be wholly suppressed. The heirs-at-law to great plantations in Georgia and the Gulf States did not always disguise, at Saratoga, or Newport, their ingrained belief that they were condescending in associating with the best families of New York or Boston, or in accepting their hospitalities. We were in their eyes a lower race. Mankind, in their view, was divided into three classes: 1st, the aristocracy, comprising the crowned monarchs and noblemen of Europe and the "gentlemen" of the South; 2d, the working people, which included the merchants and operatives of Europe, the whole people of the North, and the white trash at the South; and, 3d, the negroes. An equal gulf divided each of the three classes.

These notions were exemplified in their local institutions. Hostility to freedom of the press, of speech, and of assemblage, was a marked characteristic of Southern municipal law. Not only could no newspaper or book be published at the South which controverted the views of the people of that section, but it was a matter of life and death to own or to read a Northern publication which the populace deemed heretical. To speak against slavery was to insure tarring and feathering, or hanging by some Vigilance Committee. Half a dozen negroes could not meet to exchange views without being separated by the police and taken home to be flogged. Law and order—which are the first fruits of democratic institutions—were unknown in the Southern States. One murder a month was the average in Jackson, Mississippi, according to Governor Pettus. In New Orleans the average exceeded one a week, and every body carried pistols of large bore in his pocket ready for work. No one respected the law, or troubled himself about it. As among the Choctaws and the Camanches, every man was the judge of his own wrong, and the executioner of the penalty he chose to inflict.

If we add that this race—so besotted with insane notions of its own superiority, and so brutified by hostility to free institutions and early habits of lawlessness and violence—was still further degraded by the unrestrained licentiousness which has ever been the product of slavery, we shall have said enough to show that there had grown up, under the ægis of the national Government, a race of people as diametrically opposite, in every essential characteristic, to us of the North, as can be readily imagined, and between whom and us there could be no possible community of feeling or harmony of action.

This war, in fact, was a necessity, an inevitable necessity, and its prosecution, to the utter overthrow of one of the belligerents, is equally inevitable. Had the North accepted the Crittenden Compromise there would have been a brief period of peace, but Mr. Lincoln would hardly have lived out his term without war. Were the North now to offer terms which the South would condescend to accept, it would merely secure a brief truce. Two radically different and essentially hostile forms of society are arrayed against one another, in sight of each other and interlocked with each other at every turn. You can not separate them by a territorial division, nor can you devise any compromise between them. The struggle between them is a death-grapple, and only one of the two will rise from the contest.

THE LOUNGER.

DR. NELATON.

M. NÉLATON is a French surgeon. He was summoned from Paris to attend Garibaldi, and discovered the ball in his foot. Upon his return the blouses, enthusiastic for Garibaldi, and grateful to him whom they regarded as his preserver, expressed their gratitude in the only practicable way. They were not rich enough to give him a medal, a vase, a golden table service, nor even a complete set of surgical instruments mounted in silver and pearl. They could not pay, but they could vote. They therefore proposed to vote for him as a Deputy to the Assembly.

But it seems that Dr. Nélaton is purely professional. "A ball in the foot!" exclaims the Doctor; "well, it's my business to find it. It's nothing to me to whom the foot belongs. You say it belongs to what you call the friend of the people, Garibaldi: *à la bonne heure*, that is his affair. To me it is a ball and a foot, nothing more. My interest does not reach above the knee. The interest of the case is in the wound, not in the man." It is hinted also that the shrewd Dr. Nélaton had an eye to the social consequences of being thought a personal friend or political ally of Garibaldi's.

Now what do the eminent men at Albany and in Washington suppose his reply was to the offer of the nomination? It was this: "I do not well see how my knowledge of surgery could aid me, or how I should suddenly have become a political economist, a financier, and a legislator, because I have discovered the presence of a ball in the foot of a wounded man. I am even convinced that the affairs of my country would not go on better, and that my patients, being neglected, would fare the worse." Dr. Nélaton is evidently a man from whom Louis Napoleon has nothing to fear. "I mind my surgery," says the good Doctor, "and I leave those whose business it is to attend to the Government." "Excellent," replies the Emperor; "and you, my good bankers, please mind your own business; and you, good merchants, and lawyers, and men of letters, and clergy, and tailors, shoemakers, furriers, carpenters, masons—yes, all of you, of whatever profession or employment, listen to this wise Dr. Nélaton: mind your own business, don't neglect your customers, and leave governing to those whose business it is!"

The *ouvriers*, the great body of the workmen of Paris have, however, been of opinion for the last seventy years, that the Government is the business of nobody so much as the mass of the people. And it is as true of France as of every country in the world, that no Government in which the mass of the people are not represented can endure. For no man, no class, no oligarchy nor aristocracy will, in the long run, govern justly. Government exists to protect the equal natural rights of men; and when those are permanently disregarded, they will heave society from its foundations, just as surely as the suppressed fires and fumes of a volcano will tear a passage to the light. A man may wear a smooth shirt-front over a cancer, and he may twist his features into a grin, and call himself excellently well. But the cancer is eating his heart out for all that, and some day the excellently well man will fall dying in agony. Had we in this country been convinced from the beginning that justice is the best policy, we should have had no civil war. If the war teaches us that national prosperity, founded upon a permanent disregard of natural rights, is as worthless as an enormous fortune in counterfeit shinplasters, the war will have been a cheap blessing to the nation.

STRAWS.

MR. THOMAS C. FIELDS, the leader of the "Conservatives" in the Legislature of this State, who during the confusion of the organization informed the clerk that "points of order were played out," and whose patriotic devotion no one who believes in Vallandigham's loyalty will doubt, has suggested in the Assembly the presentation of a sword to General Meagher, and of a silver medal to each soldier of the Irish Brigade. What the other Generals and brigades from the State have done, that they should not have swords and silver medals, the eminent "Conservative" does not say.

On the same day that Mr. Fields made his suggestion in the Legislature the Committee on Donations and Charities of the Common Council in New York reported in favor of "donating" the sum of ninety-six dollars to Mary Kavanagh to pay the funeral expenses of her husband, who died from wounds received at Antietam. Councilman Gross said that the subject was "a very delicate one," and his motives might be impugned, but he felt obliged to oppose the passage of "any such a resolution." The President, also, warned the board against the passage of any such resolution. He said that if it were passed there would be plenty of people going down to Virginia and bringing bodies North, and then claiming funeral expenses from the city. He said also that there would be "repeaters" who would bring in half a dozen bills for burying one body. The proposition was lost by a vote of 13 to 9. It was then reconsidered and referred to the Committee on National Affairs.

Nobody has reason to doubt that Francis Kavanagh was a brave soldier. Every body knows that General Meagher is a dashing officer, and that the Irish Brigade fights well. But why do not the "Conservatives" of the Legislature and Council reach their object more directly? Why not persuade the Legislature and the Council to "donate" fifty dollars annually to every body who will vote the "riglar" "Conservative" ticket?

DR. WHATELY AND MRS. STOWE.

THE letter of the Archbishop of Dublin to Mrs. Stowe is interesting as his estimate of the current public sentiment around him in regard to our war. There are but two points of importance in that opinion, and they are the old ones.

First, he says, those who are opposed to the cause of the Government reject any appeal for their sympathy on the ground of justice or humanity; for, they say, the American Government insists that the war is not an anti-slavery war, and that the Proclamation itself does "not savor much of zeal for abolition," for it protects the slaves of masters who live in States that still adhere to the Government. In regard to this point Dr. Whately knows, if he knows any thing at all of the matter, that while the war took and takes the form of a rebellion against the lawful authority of the Government, and is therefore upon the part of the nation a simple struggle to maintain its authority; yet that the object of seeking the overthrow of the Government is the protection of slavery. In the course of the armed effort to restore its authority in a struggle which has the form and proportions of a great international war, the Government strikes at slavery, precisely as by the blockade it strikes at the trade, and by its armed ships, forts, and artillery, at the lives of the rebels, as a means of establishing its authority. It does not proclaim the freedom of slaves because slavery is unjust, but because it is a cardinal support of the rebellion. Thus, while the object of the rebellion is to overthrow the Government in order to perpetuate slavery, the object of the Government is to maintain its authority, and as an aid in that work it frees the slaves. If, therefore, the sentiment of which Dr. Whately speaks favors the form more than the substance, it will continue to quarrel with us because we did not emancipate, because slavery is wrong. But if it cares more for liberty and the peace which comes from justice, it will not repine, nor accuse us, because justice was done merely as a stroke of military policy and not in deference to a moral principle. The history of emancipation any where will not show that it was solely the result of moral conviction. Certainly it does not become John Bull to scrutinize censoriously the motive of emancipation.

Second, the next point made by the Archbishop is that the rebels have as good a right to their revolution as our fathers had to theirs.

What then does Dr. Whately or any other Englishman understand by the right of revolution? If he takes the old high Tory ground that there is no such right—then, of course, he will not excuse the revolt of the rebels against an established Government. But if he asserts that right in any form, he must ground it upon oppression for which legal redress is hopeless. That is the only right of revolution acknowledged by any English or American authority. Very well, our fathers' grievance as British subjects was that they were taxed without representation, and redress was refused them. Therefore they rebelled. But our rebels do not set forth any oppression of the Government to justify their resistance. They do not even acknowledge their rebellion as a revolution. They claim that secession is a lawful act under the Government and within the laws. The right of revolution as we all understand it, therefore, has nothing to do with the rebellion. For how could they pretend to any oppression under a Government which they had themselves always controlled?

There may be people in England who have no very clear idea of the right of revolution, and who suppose that the insurrection of the slaveholders in this country has some resemblance to the resistance of our fathers to Great Britain; and there may be others who reject liberty for the slaves when it does not come as a moral impulse but as a military discretion. But the British feeling against us is a mingled product of ignorance, sophistry, and the steady jealousy of the governing class in England of a political system whose success imperils their monopoly of privilege and power. The letter of Dr. Whately shows that there has been no considerable change in general sentiment within his observation. But across the channel in England the question begins to be better understood. While Westminster boggles about forms, and says that it is a war for dominion or for the restoration of the Union, Lancashire sees that it is a contest for principles, and that its own future is blended with the success of the American republic.

PATRIOTISM AND PARTISANSHIP.

"MADISON," in Wisconsin, writes to call the Lounger to account for saying that the *Weekly* had not been partisan. "Madison" says that he believes firmly in the principles of the Democratic party, and that this paper did not hesitate to oppose the election of Mr. Seymour. How then, he asks, have you the face to say that you are not partisan when you supported the candidate for whom the *Times*, and *Tribune*, and *Independent* labored?

The answer is very short and simple. General Wadsworth was nominated upon a Union war platform, and his companion upon the ticket was Lyman Tremaine, certainly as good a Democrat as Mr. Seymour or "Madison." There was no party issue in the canvass. The platform of the Union party was a vigorous prosecution of the war by every just means. This paper stands and has always stood upon that platform, and the Union and country can be saved upon no other. It is the point of meeting of men of all parties. The President, Mr. Everett, and Mr. Dickinson are all there. The debate upon what measures are most vigorous can not be made a party issue. Men may differ; but they do not differ as partisans, but as patriots.

If, however, a general opposition to the war policy of the Government should be maintained by any party and called Democratic, and every old adherent of that party should be summoned to that platform, and we, because we may believe in the fundamental principles known as Democratic, should therefore desert the position of support of the Government in suppressing the rebellion, then we should be truly liable to the charge of "Madison" that we had deserted patriotism for party. If he has done that, if he obeys a mere party call, which ought not to be raised, and can not loyally be raised during a war for national existence, he is a convicted partisan, because he is more strenuous for his party than for his country. If, however, he obeys that call because he thinks it promises a speedier triumph for the country, he does it, not as a Democrat or a partisan, but as an American citizen and patriot. And if we or any other think that another policy is surer of success, we adhere to it in the same way, not as Democrats, but as patriots.

We support the policy of the Government not because the Republican papers approve it, nor because many Democratic papers approve it, but because we believe it to be a sound and effective policy for the restoration of the Union and the speedier return of peace and prosperity. And when Mr. Seymour, or Mr. Vallandigham, or Mr. Saulsbury show themselves as heartily and singly in earnest for the maintenance of the supreme authority of the Government of the United States as President Lincoln, we shall just as warmly support them as we do the President. "Neutrality" between parties, Mr. "Madison," does not mean saying that every body is equally right and equally wrong, but in pursuing the patriotic purpose whatever either party says or does. If that course leads us to travel much the same road as one of the parties, so much the better for the patriotism of that party.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

FOR so many years "the glory of France" has been such a purely military glory—the greatest of modern Frenchmen was so entirely a great soldier, that in any French song-book the most melodious and touching songs are generally of the camp. The "*t'en souviens-tu?*" of the two French veterans of the Guard, sung to the German melody of "Denkst Du daran?" is familiar to all lovers of that kind of song. And here a friend sends a pleasant and skillful rendering of *Le Dernier adieu du soldat*, a military ballad, which is introduced in Charles Lever's "Jack Hinton." The mingling of jest and pathos is entirely characteristic.

The original begins:

"Rose! l'intention d'la présente,
Est de t'informer d'ma santé,
L'armée Française est triomphante
Et moi, j'ai l'bras gauche emposté."

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Dear Rose, to you I send this present writing
To let you know how goes the world with me;
Our gallant boys have done some glorious fighting,
A left arm lost, alas! has done for me.
We've great successes on our track advancing,
The cruel grape has taken my poor bones;
We've sacked whole cities, but a spent ball glancing
Pays me my share of booty in my groans.

From an old hospital this word I'm sending,
To leave it soon at Death's call for the grave;
I send ten francs from him who does my mending,
For them I've sold the body he can't save.
I send the pieces, for I'm just now thinking
That if to-night must see me in the earth,
I can't do less for one whom love's been linking
So close to me than give her *all I'm worth*.

My poor old mother, when I left her crying,
Was nearly gone and looking close on death,
I've writ a line to tell her I am dying;
But I do hope she's taken her last breath.
For if the dear old woman still is living,
Her heart's so soft that if she hears I'm gone
She can not stay, and I shall death be giving
To her who gave me life, now left alone.

My little Rose, there's one old friend I cherish
You won't desert—my good old dog I mean;
He mustn't know I'm dead—for sure he'd perish
If he but thought of me the last he'd seen.
He's looking now to see me home returning,
At least a Corporal, if not something more;
Then guard him well, and keep the dog from learning
I died, a private, on this earthen floor.

It cuts me to the heart to think of dying
Far from the village and from you, my Rose;
No chance to say good-night to friends, or, sighing,
To press your hand before my eyelids close.
At home they'd soon my shattered bones be laying
Hard by the church—a cross above my head,
And there my Rose would sometimes come, and, praying,
Ask God to keep him whom she loved though dead.

Then good-by, Rose, good-by, and don't be weeping;
Farewell, farewell! I'll see you, dear, no more;
For in the company I'll soon be keeping
They give no furloughs, though you beg them sore.
All's turning round—I feel I'm just departing,
I've got my orders and must leave you here;
Good-night, good-night!—One last word before starting;
God bless you, Rose, and don't forget me, dear!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WHAT is the matter, Sir?" said a surgeon to his patient.

"Well, I have eaten some oysters, and I suppose they have disagreed with me."

"Have you eaten any thing else?"

"Well, no—why, yes, I did, too; that is, I took for my tea a mince-pie, four bottles of ale, and two glasses of gin, and I have eaten the oysters since, and I really believe the oysters were not good for me!"

A gentleman, who had a very blundering servant, put down in writing every thing he wished him to do. Going to the country one day, the master fell into a ditch. He called the lad, who, instead of hastening to his assistance, exclaimed, "Stop, let me see if it's down in my memorandum-book." Great presence of mind that, wasn't it?

"My affairs tend downward," as the oyster said when about to be swallowed.

During Lord Holland's last illness George Selwyn called and left his card. Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies, and the dying lord, fully comprehending his feeling, is said to have remarked, "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead, he will like to see me."

Why is a windy orator like a whale?—Because he often rises to spout.

TOO CANDID BY HALF.

As Tom and his wife were disputing one day
Of their personal traits, in a bantering way,
Quoth she, "Though my wit you disparage,
I'm certain, dear husband, our friends will attest
That, compared with your own, my judgment is best!"
Quoth Tom, "So they said at our marriage!"

"I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes, "that's just what I want."

The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a *water cure*." A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished.

WANTED.

A coffin to bury the Dead Sea.
The saucer into which the cup of misery overflowed.
A night-cap to fit the head of a river.
The match which kindled the fire of love.
A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of Justice.
A remedy to cure the deafness in the ears of corn.
The broom with which the storm swept over the sea.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

Why is the letter *l* in the word "military" like the nose?—Because it stands between two i's.

"What's that ar a picture on?" asked a countryman in a print store the other day of the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings. "That, Sir, is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." "Du tell! Which is Josh, and which is his son?"

The wife of an Irish gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go for the doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and the note to the doctor written, the lady had recovered; on which he added the following postscript, and sent the servant off: "My wife having recovered, you need not come."

"I haven't another word to say, Sir; I never dispute with fools." "No," was the reply, "you are very sure to agree with them."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

When is a bonnet not a bonnet?
When it becomes a pretty woman.

Why is an Israelite named William Solomon similar to a public festival?
Because he is a jubilee (Jew Billy).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, February 4, in the Senate, the credentials of Senator Doolittle, re-elected Senator from Wisconsin for six years from the 4th of March next, were presented. The bill to prevent correspondence with rebels was reported back. A bill authorizing the President to make qualified pardons, so as to remit fines, relieve from imprisonment, etc., was passed. The resolutions relative to French intervention in Mexico were laid on the table by a vote of 34 against 9. The resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy not to accept the title of League Island until further order of Congress, was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill for the encouragement of re-enlistments and the enrolling and drafting of the militia was taken up, and several amendments adopted. A motion to strike out the second section, giving the President power to make all rules and regulations for enrolling and drafting the militia, was disagreed to. Pending a motion to strike out the fourth section, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Elections reported adversely on the claims of J. B. M'Loud, and his contestant, W. W. Wing, to represent the second district of Virginia. The bill providing for a submarine telegraph from Fortress Monroe to Galveston, communicating with intermediate points on the coast, was passed. The bill providing for the codification of the laws of the United States was rejected. The bill relative to the enlargement of the canals so as to admit of the passage of gun-boats, was discussed at some length, and then laid aside. Bills appropriating $30,000 for the protection of overland emigrants; for the organization of an ambulance corps of twenty thousand men; and authorizing the employment of additional clerks, copyists, and laborers in the Quarter-master-General's office, were passed. The Senate bill for the more efficient administration of the Subsistence Department was also passed. The Senate bill authorizing twenty thousand men to be raised for the defense of Kentucky was likewise passed, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 5th, in the Senate, a bill to aid the construction of railroads and telegraphs in Kansas was introduced. A resolution directing inquiry into the case of Captain John Wethers, of the Fourth New Jersey Regiment, who has been confined at Fort Delaware for several months, was laid over. The consideration of the bill to encourage re-enlistments, and providing for the enrollment and drafting of the militia, was resumed, and, after considerable discussion, the subject was recommitted to the Military Committee. A resolution requesting the President to communicate the number of volunteer and drafted men actually raised and mustered into service by the several States, and the time when their terms of service will expire, was adopted, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Ways and Means Committee reported back the Senate's amendments to the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation bill. Several amendments were disposed of, and finally the bill was committed to a conference committee. A joint resolution to revise and codify the naval laws was adopted. The Naval Appropriation bill, involving expenditures to the amount of $68,000,000, was then taken up. A proviso was added to the appropriation of $12,000,000 for iron-clads that no contracts shall be entered into for this class of vessels until proposals have been solicited from the principal iron-ship builders. The appropriation for the Brooklyn Navy Yard was increased.

On Friday, 6th, in the Senate, a resolution instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of repealing the duty on paper was adopted. A motion to postpone all prior orders and take up the Bankrupt bill was disagreed to—14 against 24.——In the House, the Senate's amendment to the Post-office Appropriation bill, authorizing a contract for carrying the mails in steamers between San Francisco and the several ports in Oregon, at a sum not exceeding $24,000 per annum, was concurred in. The debate on the Illinois and New York Ship Canal bill was resumed, and continued till the adjournment.

On Saturday, 7th, in the Senate, a bill for the construction of a military and postal railroad from Washington to New York was introduced and referred. Senator Sumner offered a resolution, that the Committee on the Conduct of the War be directed to inquire into the condition of the Army of the Potomac, both officers and men; and to consider what measures are necessary in order to promote its efficiency, increase the mutual confidence of the officers and men, and to secure from all an unwavering and soldier-like devotion to the declared policy of the Government, with power to send for persons and papers. This was laid over. The remainder of the session was occupied in debate on the Missouri Emancipation bill.——In the House, the Illinois and New York Ship Canal bill was under consideration.

On Monday, 9th, in the Senate, a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to communicate to the Senate the amount of Government cotton sold in New York since the blockade of the Southern ports, the amount of commissions and storage, and the names of all persons interested in such sales, was adopted. A bill to enroll and equip three hundred thousand negro soldiers was introduced by Senator Sumner. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate to the Senate, if not incompatible with the public interests, the character of the suggestions made by the Secretary of State of the United States to M. Mercier, the representative of the French Government, as related by him to M. Thouvenel, which induced M. Mercier to undertake a mission to Richmond, and what representations he was authorized to make from the Government or from the Secretary of State to the rebel authorities. Several bills relating to the District of Columbia were passed. The bill to provide a national currency, secured by the pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof, was then taken up. An amendment increasing the amount of circulating currency from two hundred millions to three hundred millions was adopted. An amendment was offered requiring each banking association organized under the act to keep in its vaults gold and silver coin to the amount of one-fourth of the amount of notes it is authorized to issue, and pending the question on this proposition the Senate went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the Indian and Civil Appropriation bills were reported by the Ways and Means Committee. The consideration of the bill to enlarge the Illinois and New York canals was then resumed, and after some discussion the bill was defeated by a vote of 61 yeas against 71 nays. The Committee on Elections reported against the credentials of John B. Rogers and Lewis M'Kenzie, the former claiming a seat from Tennessee, and the latter from the Seventh District of Virginia. The report of the same committee in favor of the claims of Messrs. Flanders and Hahn to seats as members from Louisiana was called up and discussed, but the House adjourned without taking a vote on the subject.

On Tuesday, 10th, in the Senate, the bill reorganizing the Post-office Department was passed. A bill to increase the number of Major and Brigadier Generals was reported by the Military Committee. A resolution was offered and adopted requesting the President of the United States, if not incompatible with the public interests, to lay before the Senate any correspondence which has taken place between this Government and the Government of France on the subject of mediation, arbitration, or other measures looking to a termination of the existing civil war. The bill to provide a national currency was then taken up. The amendment requiring banks to keep in their vaults specie to the amount of one-fourth of their circulation was rejected. Several other amendments were proposed and also rejected. The bill to prevent and punish frauds on the revenue was reported back with amendments. A bill to allow the United States to prosecute appeals and writs of error without giving security was introduced, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Ways and Means was instructed to examine and report on the practical operation of the Excise law upon the interests of manufacturers of limited means. The consideration of the report of the Committee on Elections in favor of admitting Messrs. Flanders and Hahn, members elect from Louisiana, to seats was then resumed, and a lively debate ensued, which continued until the adjournment.

FROM THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

There is nothing new from the Army of the Potomac. Every thing is quiet in that direction.

REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 6.

First. The division of the army into grand divisions impeding rather than facilitating the dispatch of its current business, and the character of the service it is liable to be called upon to perform, being adverse to the movement and operations of heavy columns, it is discontinued, and the corps organization is adopted in its stead. They will be commanded as follows:

First Corps, Major-General John F. Reynolds. Second Corps, Major-General D. N. Couch. Third Corps, Brigadier-General D. E. Sickles (temporarily). Fifth Corps, Major-General George G. Meade. Sixth Corps, Major-General John Sedgwick. Eleventh Corps, Major-General Franz Sigel. Twelfth Corps, Major-General H. W. Slocum.

Second. Hereafter the corps will be considered as a unit for the organization of the artillery, and no transfers of batteries will be made from one corps or division to others, except for purposes of equalization, and then only under the authority of the chief of artillery.

Third. The cavalry of the army will be consolidated into one corps, under command of Brigadier-General Stoneman, who will make the necessary assignments for detached duty.

Fourth. The foregoing changes in command will be made as soon as convenient. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

THE RAM "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

The Union ram *Queen of the West* ran the blockade gallantly at Vicksburg on Monday morning, 2d, about daylight. A hundred heavy siege guns from the shore and a rebel steamer in the river opened fire on her, and kept up the storm of shot and shell for three-quarters of an hour. The rebel steamer was crippled by the fire of the Union vessel, which ran the gauntlet in safety. We learn from rebel sources that she arrived at Vidalia, opposite Natchez, on the same evening, and then steamed down the river, doing considerable damage.

THE CANAL AT VICKSBURG.

The progress of cutting the canal near Vicksburg goes on rapidly. The largest force which can be employed on it are at work night and day, and will continue so until its completion to that point opposite which a formidable rebel battery is said to be now constructed. It has been decided by the engineers that the canal must be cut by artificial means to its full width, as no reliance can be placed upon the action of the water in washing out the banks. It is ascertained that some weeks, at least, must elapse before the work can be advanced so far as to enable our gun-boats to effect any thing of importance against the rebel stronghold at Vicksburg.

THE REPULSE OF THE REBELS AT FORT DONELSON.

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE, *Feb.* 6, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

The rebels Wheeler, Forrest, Wharton, and Woodward attacked Fort Donelson yesterday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, with four thousand men and eight pieces of artillery. We had eight hundred men in the fort, under Colonel A. C. Harding.

The rebels charged the fortifications several times, but were repulsed by our artillery and infantry with great loss—the enemy, as usual, before and after the fight, demanding a surrender, and offering to spare life if accepted, etc.

Colonel Harding replied that "He was ready for all the consequences."

The enemy's loss in killed was over one hundred, and in prisoners three hundred.

The forces under Colonel Lowe, from Fort Henry, are pursuing the rebels, and others have been sent to intercept their retreat. Our loss is twelve killed and thirty wounded.

W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General.

OCCUPATION OF LEBANON.

Our troops entered Lebanon, Tennessee, on the 8th inst., and captured six hundred of the rebels, most of them belonging to Morgan's men, including Paul Anderson and a number of field-officers.

THE PIRATE "ALABAMA."

The pirate steamer *Alabama* is reported to have turned up at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 20th ult., where she landed the crew and officers of the United States steamer *Hatteras*, numbering over one hundred. It was reported that the *Alabama* had suffered severely in her fight with the *Hatteras;* that she had five shots in her hull, one of which—through her stern-post—was a very bad one. She put into Kingston to repair damages, and expected to be ready for sea in four days. Immediately upon this news being received in Havana, the United States steamers *Wachusett* and *Oneida* sailed direct for Kingston, and the *Santiago de Cuba* and *R. R. Cuyler*, then on the south side of Cuba, were ordered at once to the same port, and the *Tioga* and *Sonoma* were also steering in the same direction.

HOW CHARLESTON WAS WARNED OF OUR ATTACK.

Dispatches in the Richmond *Examiner*, from Charleston, state that the British frigate *Cadmus* brought intelligence there that a most formidable naval and land expedition was about to attack Charleston, the preparations being now nearly complete. This vessel brought orders for the British Consul to go on board and get to Havana as soon as possible.

A TESTIMONIAL TO COLONEL THORPE.

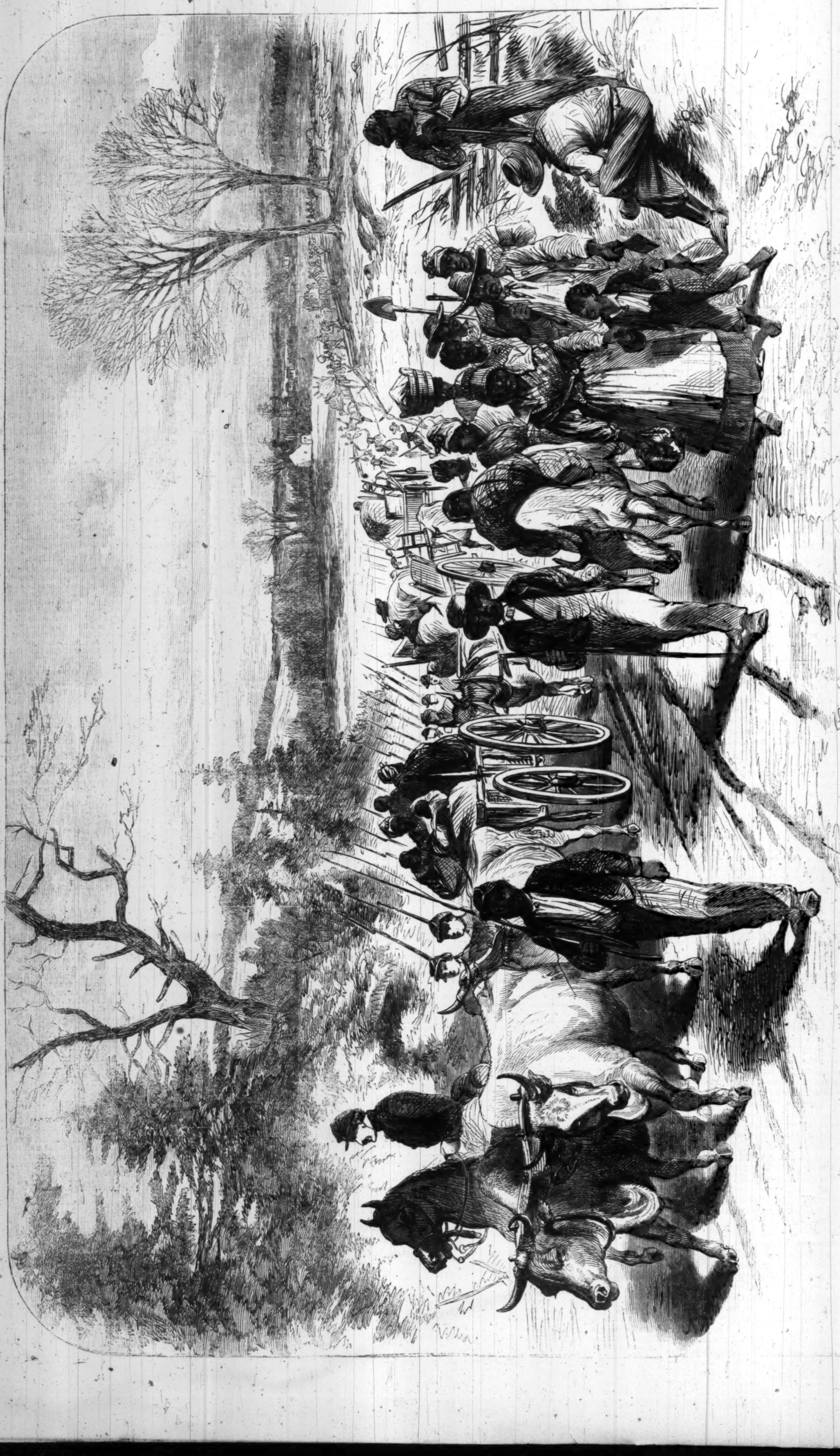
The workmen of New Orleans, engaged under Colonel Thorpe in repairing and cleaning the levees and streets of that city, have presented the Colonel with a magnificent service of plate, as a testimonial of their personal regard, and a token of their sense of the great services which he has rendered to the city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

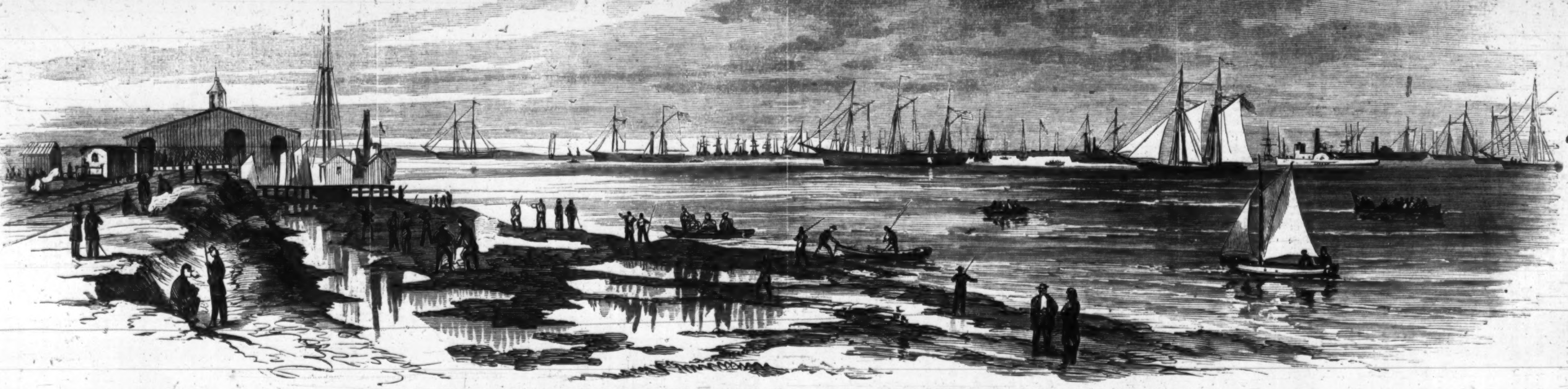
FRANCE.

MORE MEDIATION RUMORS.

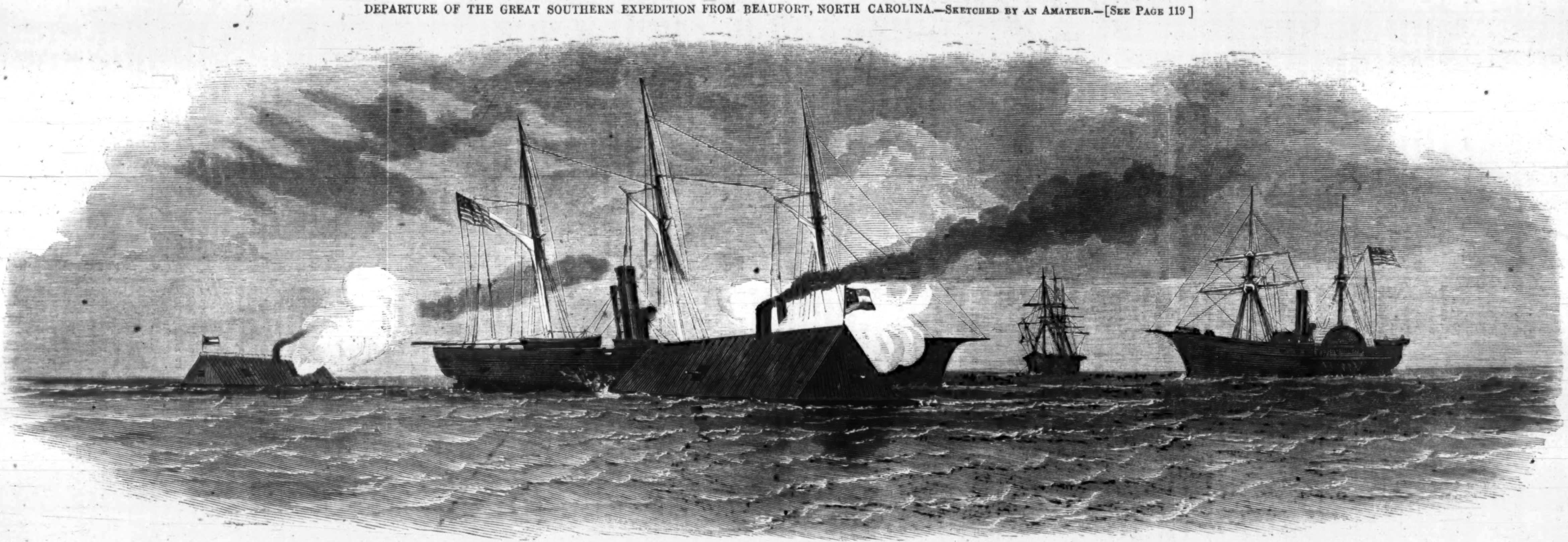
THE Paris *Pays* says that it has reason to state that the Government of the Emperor has addressed a communication to Washington, proposing means of arrangement between the two belligerents which would fully protect the dignity of the Americans. *Le Nord* also says that France has proposed the convocation of an American Congress with a view to peace. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that official instructions have been sent by the French Government to Washington suggesting that commissioners be delegated by the Federal Government and by the Southern States to meet on neutral ground and confer together, without hostilities being suspended, so that they might advise mutual concessions and effect a reconciliation, so desirable for the interests of the world.



THE EFFECTS OF THE PROCLAMATION—FREED NEGROES COMING INTO OUR LINES AT NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 119.]



DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION FROM BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA.—Sketched by an Amateur.—[See Page 119]



THE REBEL RAMS ENGAGING OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, JANUARY 31, 1863.—Sketched by an Occasional Correspondent.—[See Page 127.]

THE GHOST AT CEDAR GLEN.

"DULL? I should think so! I never was so lonesome in my life, Sara. And it used to be so different when 'the laddies were in town.' It's of no use denying it, life goes very stupidly without the laddies. We women, I for one, need their society to keep my temper on the right balance."

"They need us quite as much," I exclaimed, rather hastily.

"That's just like you, Sara. You're so tenacious of the dignity of '*our sex.*' Sara"—all the time poking the grate fire lazily, lying at her "lissom length" upon the floor—"Sara I wonder you never put on bloomers, and went round lecturing on woman's rights."

I flung my ball of yarn at the speaker. It hit her dark glossy head, and disarranged a braid or two. She revenged the act by trailing the ball along for "Keeps" the Maltese to scamper after. And leaning back in my chair, I watched her and thought about her.

"A dark, handsome little creature," I thought, "but inscrutable. You talk idly," I thought. "You assume carelessness, lightness, frivolity, to cover, if not a memory which hides and hurts, a restlessness, a fever of unquiet, born of an unsatisfied spirit. Which is it?" She was a half-way cousin of mine; we had been correspondents all our lives, off and on, and visited each other at irregular intervals. And this present visit of mine, which had lengthened from a season into a twelvemonth, had passed, and yet I had not yet fathomed her—this inscrutable something still baffled me. If this doesn't give some indication of character, I don't know what does. To live in the same house with a woman, eat at the same table, read a good many of the same books, and have sundry mutual feminine interests, and yet for a year *not to find her out!*

I had only come for a season—for the winter—then I should return North again, and Jessie would go with me for the summer: that was my plan. But that summer came, with war-clouds hurrying threateningly, and breaking in heavy destruction. I urged departure, never doubting but this gay little cousin would accede. But no. She said coolly, and quite carelessly,

"I sha'n't go and leave Liz and Ned here at school, while such a rumpus is going on about their ears."

"Take them too," I suggested.

"Out of the question. You forget Uncle Rush has their responsibility. He'd be likely to let them go North now, wouldn't he? No, I must stay."

And then she burst out of her coolness, and for a moment I felt the fire of the Radeford blood.

"Stay with me, Sara—stay with me; I shall be lonesome as death if you go."

"You lonesome, with all the Radefords to pay cousinly devoir, and the Kingstons down the street?"

"You simple Sara," she answered, "don't you know that I am only part Radeford? Don't you know that the Chester soul is within me—that it tempers, and tames, and cools, not chills, Sara, this wild Radeford fire? Don't you remember how I have been Aunt Miriam's charge for the greatest half of my life? Aunt Miriam, who is all Chester, soul and body—all Yankee, as Uncle Rush sneers. And so, perforce, don't you see that I should consume myself and die, if left in this fiery atmosphere without a whiff of the Chester air to relieve me? Come stay, Sara; I like you best of any body."

So I staid. Why shouldn't I? I was alone in the world, with no nearer relatives than my aunts and their children. And none of these liked me "best of any body."

It *was* a fiery atmosphere for me at least, who believed in human freedom, the laws of God, humanity, and the government that most nearly represented these.

It never occurred to the Radeford cousins that there was any thing inscrutable in Jessie Radeford. They thought cousin Jessie "so amusing," "so droll," "rather wild to be sure," and they "wondered what she could see in that cold Sara Chester."

But cold Sara Chester fancied *she* could see far beneath their ken, and below reserve, and wild wit, and drollery, that she could detect stinging sarcasm and sardonic scorn.

And so, as she lay there "at her lissom length," this inscrutable Jessie Radeford, and played at talking, as usual, while she played with Keeps, the cat, I thought my thoughts about her.

What was it? What set me following on that [illegible] on this night? What, unless as the fire-light struck upon her face as she spoke, I imagined that there was a haggard look about her eyes?—that there were hollows in the cheeks, and that the pomegranate-bloom there was hot fever only.

I was going to follow up my thought, when she began again:

"Sara, your argument isn't sound."

"What argument? I didn't know I had argued."

"My! don't she snap us up on our words, Keeps?" Then to me directly: "Well, your assertion, Sara, that the laddies need us as much as we need them. I don't believe it. They can fight, legislate, and do quantities of things, a good deal better without us than with us. Then, even in social affairs, who ever heard of a woman from choice having a party entirely of her own sex, clubs, and all that—eh, now?"—resting on an elbow, and eying me triumphantly over Keeps's head.

I laughed: "Oh, that's only their bad taste, Jessie. This is a question of needs, and the bad taste doesn't spoil the fact that they need us."

"Oh ho! you wouldn't like to fight, would you, Sara? You don't think your need comes there, do you?"

I had forgotten her first presumption, and only answered the last; but her words touched the fretted string, and I blazed a little, in a passion of words, which relieved me.

I told her I longed to do any thing which would proclaim my belief in the law of right. As to fighting, nobody knew what the necessity might be; and I believed I should begin that target-practice again, which Rick commenced teaching us at Newport two summers ago. The fire must burst out some way, for utter repression wasn't *my* forte, however it might serve others. And here I darted a keen glance at her. I might as well have looked at the Sphinx.

There she lay, trailing the ball of bright wool round and round a circle of the carpet for that frisky Keeps to spring after; and her face was about as expressionless as the cat's.

Presently she gave a little giggle, as the Maltese clutched the plaything and rolled over with it in feline merriment. Then, as if the play was out, she rose, yawned, and said,

"I've got a plan, Sara. I shall die of ennui if I stay here for the holidays, and preside at Lou Radeford's Christmas-tree, and superintend punch-bowls. So I propose a trip to the Cedars. There we'll have Christmas all to ourselves, and make merry in any fashion that would shock the Radefords. It's a huge old house, you know: wings, gables, and all sorts of queer places; and it's haunted too."

"Hasn't that story died out yet?" I asked.

"Yet? No; it's revived. Since the first of the Radefords—that old wicked Sir Rushton that Aunt Rush takes such pride in—since he used to stalk round, in old colonial times, with spurs and rapier, to the terror of the country folks, I believe the tradition has held until a few years ago, after Spiritualism appeared, when it assumed new form, and it was averred by the neighbors that lights had been seen at unusual hours, and strains of music heard. That's rather agreeable haunting, isn't it? Well, this died away, to be brought up by—who do you think? Jetson! Jetson came up from the old place the other day, declaring that he 'b'lieved the sperrits were round agin,' for 'he was sure that he and Jemimy heard 'em flyin' round in the easterd gable.'

"'Are you afraid, Jetson?' I asked.

"'Fraid! Lor bless you, no, missus! They's won't hurt nobody. They's good sperrits, I hearn tell; but I let 'em have their part all to theyselves. Couldn't think of interferin', you know, with 'em. They mightn't like that.'

"You ought to have seen the old fellow's eyes roll as he said this.

"'Well,' I said, 'you needn't interfere, Jetson; but is that what you came up to tell me?'

"'Well, no,' he answered; 'but if I'd let Jim and Luce come down and spend Christmas 'twouldn't be so lonesome-like. You see sperrits make a place dredful lonesome, 'specially nights.'

"I laughed at him, and told him 'twas nothing in the world but some boards in the east gable—had got loose, probably, and were creaking in the wind; and that old willow, you know. I declare I'll have that willow cut down! It's made more fuss in frightening people than it's worth."

"So you consented to Jim and Luce going down?" I broke in.

"Yes; in company with us I knew you'd like it better than the Radeford party."

"But what will the Radefords say?"

"Say? Oh, laugh at me, perhaps sneer a little at Jessie's odd notions, and then lay it all to that cold Sara Chester."

I laughed. I was quite willing to take the odium.

"And when do we go?" I was impatient to be away.

"To-morrow, if you like."

"And the children?"

"Oh, Ed and Liz are crazy over Christmas-trees yet, and they've dreamed of this one for months; besides, Uncle Rush would feel hurt at my proposing to take them. I'll have 'em down at New-Year's, though. They can spare their sister until then up there with the Radefords."

So "to-morrow" it was. The day was bright and clear; and as we approached the brow of the hill, which commanded a view of Cedar Glen, I thought I had never seen a more romantic spot, or one more fitted to suggest "the fairies tripping on the green," or the "mysterious ghost in pallid moonbeams flitting."

It was high noon, but the house lay half in shadow, showing glimpse of gable and wall spotted with moss and mould; tall chimneys, from two of which issued a faint wreath of smoke, evincing that Jetson and his Jemimy were making hospitable preparations for us. It was the same picture of other days—those of my childhood visits, when I had once or twice been out to the Cedars for Christmas. The same, yet not the same. Then it was filled with gay, grand company, and up the avenue rolled many a fine carriage in place of our old-fashioned and rather dilapidated vehicle. Then, too, saddest loss of all, instead of only these two sable figures to greet us, there were a group of smiling faces, the centre of whom were those whose fading "made the hame gang drear" for those left behind.

I thought of all this as I entered. I wondered did Jessie think of it too. I turned and looked to see. There was a "far" expression in her eyes, and her lips were closed tightly, as if holding back a sigh. Then, of a sudden, she said to me:

"Why not—why shouldn't I keep Christmas here at the Cedars where my father and mother kept it? I have always wanted to since—since—but—" And here she ended a little sharply to stem a softer tide. I hated to have those seventeen Radefords here to yawn and wonder what I could see in this old barn."

Her face grew bright again in a moment, either from resolve or a natural reaction, it was hard to tell which; and we went in under the broad lintel with her gay voice sounding in gay speeches to the grinning welcome of Jetson and Jemimy.

We passed the day quickly enough, much more quickly than when in town, for there was plenty to do in going over the place, sadly changed from the old times, yet still showing a certain care and order, which plainly implied a loving oversight; and I discovered where to attribute this, as I listened to the minute inquiries of my little cousin, and the scarcely less interested answers which that faithful old Jemimy gave.

"Truly," I thought, "circumstances do alter cases wonderfully. In this one day I have found a trait, or a depth of feeling in this Jessie Radeford, which a whole year of town life failed to betray."

Yes, we passed the day quickly, and night found us sitting before the huge fire-place in a room that had once been used to breakfast or lunch in—presenting in its smaller size an aspect of greater comfort than the parlors.

I remember perfectly the conversation of that evening, for it proved curiously significant. And I remember how Jessie looked. Dark, slight, and picturesquely handsome, she sat on the floor—one of her favorite attitudes—presenting a decidedly foreign appearance, something half French and Italian, in a skirt of black silk, and a pointed waist of deep red velvet, with a little flowering of a rich old lace at throat and wrists. Keeps, that never-failing Keeps, was in her lap, winking and purring her satisfaction. Altogether the picture was pretty and amazingly cheerful, and I said so.

"Yes, it's a great deal better being here than at the Radefords', isn't it?" she asked, unheeding my compliment.

"Yes, of course I like it better, but you seem to get on well enough with the Radefords," I answered, a little maliciously.

She replied, without her usual *persiflage*:

"I get on *well enough*—that is just it—for I get on lightly, skim the surface, you know. I like Uncle Rush—I *love* Uncle Rush," she went on, musingly; "but my cousins, they are not like him, excepting Stamford: Stamford has fine qualities, a dash and spirit and generosity, poor fellow!" Why did she say poor fellow?

He wore a *gray uniform*, with marks of high distinction upon the shoulders! Did this strange girl, who had carried an appearance of thoughtless, childish levity, and disregard of the state of the country—did she own somewhere a feeling deep down in the hidden depths of her heart, which made her consider this young Confederate with pity for his course?

"But the rest of my cousins are not of my 'kith,' Sara," she proceeded. "They don't consider me up to their high-water mark of pride. They lay all my queer notions, vulgar notions they mean, to the Chester blood; my mother's blood." Her tone grew here more vehement. And they said of her—*her!*—that she wasn't a lady fit to match with a Radeford, because she did not come of a race who had been lords of the soil for generation after generation. A cruel, wicked race in the past, if tradition can be relied upon. My father resented these slights to her as long as he lived; and I have that one trait of the Radefords—I do not forget."

As she ceased her tone was quiet and low, but there was fierce emphasis in it, and a glow on her cheek and fire in her eye.

"No," I thought, "you do not forget; and that is not the only Radeford trait that flashes out occasionally. Happily their more generous qualities fall to your share."

We sat a while after this in a little silence, which I broke by saying,

"Well, I think we are two adventurous damsels who deserve praise for our boldness, Jessie."

She looked up, inquiringly.

"How?"

"Why *isn't* it rather adventurous, not to say bold, for us to take up our abode here, with only one old man and a boy for defense of the castle, in the present wild condition of the country?"

She laughed, "Oh, this is too far away. There has been no soldiery this side of the hills."

I laughed, too, at her cool decision.

"But there may be, Jessie, any day."

"Well, I'm not afraid. Are you?" with a half contemptuous air.

"No. I'm not afraid, or I shouldn't have come; but I don't think it would be particularly pleasant for us two girls to have a visit from a party of strangers, whatever the color of their coats;" and I glanced significantly at her.

She tossed her fingers in the air with disdain.

"Let them come; let them come. I'm not my father's daughter if I could flinch before a regiment of them, whatever the color of their coats, as you say, Sara. No, I think it would be fine fun—indeed I do; an adventure, sure enough. Do you mind that old ballad,

'And twenty thousand Jacobins
Rose all at once to horse?'

And do you remember how James Barry used to repeat it?"

She got up as she said this, and, walking up and down the room, began reciting the ballad in her curious way of imitation, catching with singular fidelity the voice of which she had spoken. Then pausing before the fire, with her mouth stirring in little half smiles, her eyes filled with dreams, she said, "Oh, how pleasant those days were, Sara! How we strolled, and strolled, on those lovely Newport cliffs in moonlight nights, or at sunset! And how the days went in riding and bathing, and the nights to music! Ah me! I wonder shall we ever see them again—James Barry, and Rick Edwards, and Charley Baynes, and the cliffs, and the sea."

She ceased suddenly, and went to the window, humming over a French air that James Barry sung in those old days, and occasionally saying a word or two of the ballad in precisely his tone. All at once she cried out, in quite another voice,

"Sara, come here!"

I obeyed her.

"Look out there—there, at the edge of the hills where the pines are."

"What is it? I don't see—only the little scrubby pines."

"Only the pines! Pines don't move like that. Look now! They are coming down. *They!* It's a body of soldiers, Sara."

"Well, what did I tell you?" I retorted; but I must confess that I shivered a little as I recognized the dark moving objects. Who and what were they? It might be some unorganized, lawless band, bent upon depredation. I communicated my anxieties to Jessie.

"Pooh! don't borrow trouble, Sara. Trouble!" she repeated, between her teeth; "perhaps there is a crisis coming to the trouble."

I had suspected all along—I was sure of it now: Jessie Radeford was hiding against her heart some secret, which that insane pride of hers denied all respite of expression.

They came riding quietly down the hill, not over half a dozen mounted men, and as quietly, but surely, approached the house, and at length entered the avenue. There was a clicking of swords, a clink of spurs, and the ring of heels upon the stones without, a murmur of voices, and then the great ponderous brass knocker rang a summons.

"Cool, upon my word!" ejaculated Jessie. "Only six of them; how do they know but it is the strong-hold of their opponents. Bah! 'Tis plain they are acquaintances!" and she darted to the door, saying, "No, no, I will go; Jetson or Jim would act like fools for fright."

In a minute more I heard her light laugh, then a deeper-toned one in response; and they came in together—she slightly preceding—and Harold Kingston, that ambitious young rebel, her companion. Then a lieutenant, one of the Hughes, and all the rest, picked men: "Only part of a detachment lying the other side of the hill," they told us. "Lying in wait for a suspected approach of a force of Federals lurking about the vicinity, unless we can hunt them out and surprise them," said Captain Kingston.

Jessie's eyes shone, and she talked in her old reckless way, humming little drum tunes and martial airs as she stood swaying before the roaring fire. What was in this incomprehensible girl's mind I discovered sooner than I expected to.

The guests were tired, famished; besides a storm was coming up—and what with riding all day, they were quite content to remain where they were.

We served them with meat and drink, and Jetson found them places to sleep in that many-roomed house.

By midnight Jessie and I sat alone in the parlor we had improvised, and "talked over" our adventure. She was excited, but not from the mere events that had just transpired. Fearless and wild in her spirit, she would only take such events coolly and naturally. But there was some deep undercurrent stirred.

"Sara," she said, as the house grew still, "this is not all ended. Something of greater moment is to happen. I feel it. There is fever in my veins, and a curious, expectant flutter about my heart. I know the sign. Twice I have felt this way before, and twice something *has* happened. But it was not happiness," and she shuddered.

Then abruptly, but with passion: "Sara, the time has come to tell you every thing. Ah, Heaven! what a relief to speak *all!*" and she pressed her hands with emotion against her heart. "Sara, I have kept silence because I dared not speak before. I knew myself too well. If once I had established a mutual, confessed bond of sympathy between myself and any other being, I no longer had complete control of my actions, nor my words. To betray them would have been madness. And you—all this time—you have not known what to make of me, Sara. So flippant, so childish, so selfishly occupied in the midst of such convulsions! But I was neither flippant nor childish. Sara"—and her voice hushed—"I have thought as you thought, felt as you felt, all along. My sympathies are not with those who sleep up stairs, but with those for whom they wait and watch. You think it strange, you think it sudden? If you had known my mother well you would not be surprised. It was the one point of difference between her and my father. She hated slavery; and as soon as I was old enough to understand the position of things, and keep my own counsel, she instilled her principles into my mind. Ah! do you wonder that I love the North, with my mother ever before me as the type of what is noblest and best there?"

She ceased, in a little passion of loss and yearning, then went on:

"My father suspected all this, and when he died his property was found to be so arranged that we could do nothing but continue living on in the same way. We could neither release the slaves nor sell the landed property; and when every thing was settled, it turned out that we had much less of any other—of available money than we had supposed. Poor mother! It was a great blow to her. Well, it was not long before she left it behind her.

"It was then you began to see more of your half-way cousin. You thought me strangely reserved at the very first—when we met North, Sara. Ah, you little knew how long habit of repression had sealed my lips. Then I had one hope yet. My mother had left me with this charge—if it were possible, to instill into the minds of Ned and Liz what had become her religion. If I babbled much of my feelings I should have made this forever impracticable, under the guardianship, as they are, of Uncle Rush. Well, so time went on, and I spent those summers at Newport—there I met another fate. She raised her head now and looked me steadily in the eyes, and her face burned though her voice was so clear. There I met James Barry, and I loved him, Sara."

"Jessie!"

It was all I could say, for though deeply touched by this confession her will kept me from further demonstration here.

"Yes, I loved him," she proceeded in the same tone, "and he loved me, Sara, but he would not trust me. It was one night down there on the cliffs, and I told him that I could not leave my brother and sister for a good while yet, that I had a sort of charge for them; and so, though I loved him, I would leave him free. Though I loved him! I told him *that*, Sara, and it is not easy for me to speak. But he would not understand. He misinterpreted every thing, and wronged me by suspicion of coquetry and higher ambition; accused me of pride, and thanked me, all in that quiet, cool way of passionate scorn which he had, for saving his vanity too fatal a blow by my fine reasons of rejection. Because I was rich, he thought, and he was poor; for long before he spoke I knew he hesitated, for very pride, with that feeling. My passion rose too, and I disdained a word more of explanation. To be so judged, and by him! How dare a man ask a woman to marry him when there is any where in his heart the seed of such suspicion?"

Her voice grew vehement again, and again sank to its calmer tone.

"He went away the next morning. I never saw him again. Then you came home with me. Then the war followed. And from this last event, not a day, not an hour have I been free from tormenting anxiety for him. I saw at the very first, in a Northern paper, his name among the volunteers; and any moment—" She stopped, covered her eyes with her hand, and set a white tooth hardly against her lip to crush back the tide of emotion. But all at once she dropped the slight cover, her face full of that expectant look—eager, watchful, listening.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Sara, I can not get rid of that strange feeling—I am haunted. Something unusual is going to happen. I believe I am clairvoyant. It is a trait that the Radefords used to call second-sighted; and in every third generation it appears in one of the descendants."

I drew nearer to her, thrilled at her words. The room was full of ghostly shadows, for the fire burned low, and one dim candle was flaring itself out in a corner.

Looking about me, I saw to my relief that the heavy inside shutters were closed and barred, and over them drooped, in thick folds, the dark old damask curtains.

As I thought of this safety—hist! what was that that broke the deep stillness?

I glanced at Jessie. She had not moved a thread; it was no fold of her dress that made that sound!

And she had heard too; her lips were parted to still her respiration, her eyes expectant. Neither of us spoke nor stirred.

It came again—a soft, dull sound—a footfall. Something flashed over me. I leaned forward and breathed in the lowest whisper,

"Jetson's ghost, Jessie."

She shook her head for silence more than for a denial; and still *waited*.

Again, distincter now than before, that footfall, nearer yet, and—there was a hand feeling for the door-latch—the door of the room where we sat. I grasped at Jessie, but she rose, and turned to face whoever might be about to enter. I rose too, feeling strangely excited, but not fear-stricken. The next instant the groping hand had found what it had searched for. There came a cautious click—the door swung open; and upon the threshold there stood the figure of a man in some military uniform.

It was but for a second. What happened then?

I saw Jessie Radeford spring forward. I saw her seize the intruder by the wrist, and draw him into the room. I heard her exclaim, breathlessly, "James! James!"

James Barry! And how came he here?

I know not by what word or question she asked this; but I remember that hesitation which called forth her passionate reply:

"For God's sake—for humanity's sake—do not distrust me again at such an hour, James Barry!" she ejaculated, in suppressed tones. "Do you think I would betray you? Listen. There sleep up stairs Captain Kingston and five other armed men. They are but a detachment of a greater number lying in wait for a suspected force of Federals in this vicinity. I have but to raise my voice and you are their prisoner; but, instead, because I espouse the cause of the North from my heart and soul, I ask you, as one of her soldiers, to trust in me, that I may render aid—the aid that lies in my power. You are a Federal officer, perhaps in command of this force; let me warn you of their—"

He interrupted her with an eager movement.

"Stay!" he exclaimed. "You have espoused the Federal cause. You wish to aid it. You have now a signal opportunity. Captain Kingston and his men will see you before they depart. Engage them in conversation—a conversation which you will assist me to hear from some unsuspected covert. They will readily disclose their whereabouts, their number, their plan of attack upon us. This is the only way whereby you can aid the Federal cause which you love. Will you do it?"

Her womanly heart shrank a moment; but presently a fire shone in her eyes. Her voice was firm and resolute.

"Yes, I will do it—*for the Federal cause which I love!*" she emphasized.

"I should not be likely to misinterpret your motive," he said, hastily, but more sadly this time than proudly.

Then we heard how he came there. A fugitive had given him information a few days before of the proximity of the enemy; had told him of the haunted house—as Cedar Glen was known in that region—as a guide-post to the neighborhood. Captain Barry had seized upon this as a fortunate circumstance, and upon several occasions had made that uncanny "east wing," which the negro had fully described, a hiding-place and a point of observation. Knowing the house to be occupied for a long time, only in some remote kitchen corner, by two old domestics, he had sometimes taken a pleasure in exploring the strange mysteries of the ancient apartments.

He hoped Miss Radeford would pardon the liberty; and even then the love that tore and rent this proud heart burst out in the bitter grace of his manner and his voice, as he bowed his stately head before her.

But Jessie felt only the irony; and, with a shade of wrong upon her face, she turned to the subject of his concealment.

There was an old mirror of polished steel, ornamented with deep framings of dark wood, which reached from the ceiling to the quaint table standing under it. Behind this a panel-door slid, and communicated with a press that had once been used, but was now empty.

"Quite a Castle of Otranto," remarked Captain Barry, as he surveyed this refuge, hidden only for convenience' sake.

And his voice had the old music in it now, in its half jesting tone—the old music, that brought those summer days, the cliffs, and the sea so vividly to view. I did not wonder that Jessie trembled as she heard.

The night, by this time, had worn on far toward morning. In a short time the early breakfast, at which we were to play such strange parts, would summon the guests from their slumbers.

As we turned to leave the room to prepare ourselves in something more fitting for breakfast than our evening silks, Captain Barry too turned. A change had come over his face. Its hardness had vanished; and he held out his hand, with these words:

"Miss Radeford, before you go, let me say how much I appreciate the true spirit and courage that enables you to do this. Let me say that I no longer distrust you; that the woman who, under these circumstances, can prove such loyalty and faith, wins for herself all faith in the best, purest of motives, however she may act. In looking back upon the past now, I can, in simple justice, only consider myself unfortunate in not awakening the same emotions that I felt myself."

I was glad that he had done her even partial justice at last; and as I saw them part, she never giving sign of her suffering, I followed her up the stairs to our room, resolved what I would do. *They should never part thus.*

But, as we stood in the chamber, I could see that her spirits had risen by his words. She stood there arraying herself in her bright merino morning-gown, a flush of excitement on her cheek, a kindling fire in her eyes.

"I feel like a French woman," she said; "a French woman in the days of Richelieu. I hope I may be as wise and far-seeing as they were."

I never doubted her capacity, I told her; and then I stole away. I was cold, I explained to her, and as I had finished dressing first I would not wait for her.

I went straight back to the parlor, where Captain Barry was waiting, and before I left the room again he knew how he had misunderstood. He knew for what noble charge, what sacred responsibility she had *left him free*. The strong fellow actually groaned at his injustice. "Will she ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, huskily.

And he was for having me beseech her to come to him at once; but I showed him how much wiser it would be to wait until she had performed the part which had been assigned her for the interview that was coming. Wiser not to startle her with any fresh surprises.

A while later, in that same room, gracious, graceful, and piquante, a slim, dark girl presided at a wide and well-supplied table.

The hand that poured the coffee was steady. The voice that asked those marvelously well-chosen questions, or laughed in response to some bright sally, was clear, firm, and even gay; not a note rung falsely. And the manner had its accustomed nonchalance, its careless, even play, from the low chiding of that lazy, blundering Jim, who waited upon us, to the coquettish glance at the *steel mirror*, which reflected a knot of ribbon awry that her dextrous touch brought into order.

It was marvelous, this cool control, this matchless ease, with such a secret under all.

I, too, thought of French women as I saw her now; dark, fascinating, distracting women, who had sat at the tables of princes, with gay smiles and brilliant jests, while beneath their silken boddices throbbed hearts that held the secrets of a kingdom.

To me the moments seemed leaden-weighted. To her who sat opposite me time appeared to have lost its value. Her spirits actually rose as the seconds ticked audibly past from the old clock upon the mantle. It was the fine sense of the *diplomatiste* when he sees the success of his finesse. Once I feared that this subtle elation might overdo the nice point of success. Vain fear. To the last—to the very end, when at the door she stood nodding and smiling adieu, it was the same careless, thoughtless gayety; and as they rode down the avenue she leaned against the door-way, beating a little foot upon the stone, and humming a little tune, while she gazed across the hills.

But when the last rider disappeared, like a mask all gayety, all childish thoughtlessness fell from her face as she turned to re-enter the room where another interview awaited her.

For myself, I fled to my chamber. That interview was not for me.

Later a voice, her voice, called me. "Sara, come down!"

I went, and I saw at once that I had done wisely in my revelation. There was peace between them, and love and faith which no more doubts would ever shake.

There was a soft light in Jessie's eyes as she said, simply, "Captain Barry is going, Sara, and he wishes to bid you 'good-by.'"

"To bid you good-by and God bless you, Sara Chester!"

I knew what he meant. I had done wisely.

Then in the next moment he had kissed us both—her last, holding her in lingering arms, and saying:

"I will wait for you all my life if need be, Jessie." And then he was gone.

But they had not to wait so long. There was a crisis coming indeed. Neither of us felt it. She was wrapped in the present. I was dulled by the past excitement from any hope or foreboding. That night she sat gazing dreamily from the window when I saw her face whiten. She called me to look.

A fierce rider was coming at headlong speed down the western range of hills.

What did it mean? She thought of *him*. I could have counted the strokes of her heart as those hoofs rang on the road and nearer up the avenue. We neither of us looked now until he stood before us.

A messenger from the Radefords! I breathed easier.

But something had happened! She saw it in the man's bearing. Ah, there was a letter. She seized it, tore it open. A grave look passed into her face, but it chased all horror away. It was solemn news, but not what she feared. I took the sheet from her hand and read it. "Uncle Rush" was dead. A sudden but easy death—one of those swift spasms of the heart which stop its beat forever.

It was all a whirl of excitement following this. We went up to town, and there, amidst preparations for the funeral, came tidings of the capture of Captain Kingston and a detachment of the —ths by a force of Federals.

Thank Heaven *that* was safely over!

Then, at the last, that crowning fate. Those children for whom she had sacrificed so much were left without further prevision of guardianship. To their grateful sister fell the welcome charge.

What was to keep us now in this land of bondage? Nothing but rashness, and we were not rash: we had learned too long the lesson of caution for that.

And one day we found ourselves in far New England—in free New England, for which we had yearned.

And later still, on another day, there was a happy reunion. The ghost of Cedar Glen appeared to us, not in surprise as on that strange night, but heralded by joyful letters.

And again I heard a voice full of manly emotion say, "God bless you, Sara Chester!" And I pray God's blessing upon them—upon James Barry and his wife Jessie—and to all men and women who believe in the cause of God and humanity.

GOING TO WILSON'S CREEK.

FUN, I fancy, must be one of the original elements, though I doubt if it be accredited by schoolmen, for even in the grim game of war, amidst forced marches, half rations, shivering night rounds, massacres called battles, and the deaths of those we love, turns up occasionally such a joke as my going to Wilson's Creek.

Per se, it was hardly a laughing matter, for the rebels keep good watch, and have always a rope or a bullet ready for the unlucky scouts that they catch napping; but the General was urgent to know something more of their position, and however risky I felt it to be, I couldn't disgrace my branch of the profession by backing down, specially as all the other fellows were so kindly afraid of robbing me of the "glory" of the expedition.

How to go was, however, an open question, for they are near-sighted rascals, those rebels, and shallow devices won't go down with them; besides, for some reason or other, I had gotten into a sort of panic, and could think of nothing but the delights of being strung up amidst the jeers of a parcel of rebels; and though I don't think I am much more of a coward than men on the average, to start in that frame of mind on an undertaking requiring all a man's wit and nerve, was simply going to certain death; while to make matters worse, I could no more scare up a disguise or an excuse than if that sort of ware had been entirely out of market.

At last Sue Scott, who is in my confidence, and is going to be my—but never mind that—got vexed at seeing me hesitating there like a girl, and said, sharply,

"Why, George, if you haven't the heart to go like a man, go like a woman, but go somehow."

And the careless speech struck me as a spark does a train of gunpowder, and in ten minutes I had it all planned, and was getting as fast as I could for laughing into a riding dress of Sue's, who, luckily for me, is on an ample pattern, broad in the shoulders, and as tall as I within an inch.

The fun of the thing had driven all thoughts of panic out of my head, and what with Aunt Rhoda's red and white, used, as she solemnly averred, only in painting maps, my short hair turned under at the back in a net, with braids (Aunt Rhoda's again, preserved, she says, as specimens of the vanity and wickedness of New York), fastened on either side of my face, and the whole surmounted by a pork-pie hat with a drooping plume, and one of those misty little things that Sue calls a veil, I think my own mother would hardly have recognized me.

It is true I had a somewhat awkward way of tripping myself in my long skirt, and that Sue insisted that my face was an impudent libel on the modesty of the sex; but I intended not to dismount if possible, and had full faith that the women (the patriotic ones, at least) would forgive me; and with a letter addressed in Sue's handwriting to a supposed brother in Price's army, and a revolver in the bosom of my riding-dress, I started off just after dusk, perched up, woman fashion, on a side-saddle, and allowed to draw about one breath in three by that diabolical instrument of torture called a corset. In fact, since that ride, it is a question with me whether the whole dress wasn't originally a penance devised for some feminine sinner of rank, and ignorantly copied by the sex as the mode; for it pinches you in at the waist, and half throttles you at the neck, and pinches you at the wrists; and their boots stop just where they ought to go on; and the wretched little hats won't stay on; and the veil half blinds you; and— However, there is some old proverb about not abusing the bridge that carries you safely over, and so I will go on with my story.

I reached Wilson's Creek without incident of any kind, and the pickets were civil enough to the pork-pie and riding-skirt, which was about all that they saw in the dim light; while the pork-pie, on its part, conducted itself with becoming reserve, saying no more to the guards than was proper in a young lady of discretion, but using its eyes diligently on the way to the nearest officer—not a wary veteran, but, as Fortune (who, like every thing feminine, is generally kind to impudence) would have it, a gay young fellow of twenty-one, handsome as a girl, and much more attentive to the red and white, and Aunt Rhoda's shining braids, seen through the veil, than to the probabilities of my story.

He took the letter carelessly.

"Joseph Lose Berne. Your brother, you say? Do you know his regiment?"

"I am not sure, but I think it is the ——th," naming one that I was sure was posted at a distance.

"And you don't know the company? Well, I will try and find him. Why not wait till we can see if he is near the lines."

"Oh, impossible! they will miss me."

"They?"

"My family are Unionists, and have discarded my brother. I slipped away secretly, and must get back before I am missed."

"Why go back at all?"

The riding-dress drew itself up indignantly.

"Good-evening, Sir!"

"Stop one moment!" he cried, following me. "Pray forgive me! but if you only knew how rare such visits are, and how like angels' visits they seem! You must permit me at least to ride back with you—a part of the way. You are too precious to be left to the mercy of the first straggler that may meet you."

Such fools as we make of ourselves with women! We are only equaled by the fools who believe us. Not that I said so to him; on the contrary—Sue Scott forgive me!—but I am afraid that her riding-dress encouraged him—that her snowy gauntlet lay unresistingly in the tender clasp into which he took it; in short, that while he was so politely showing me all that I most wished to see, I didn't conduct myself quite as she would have done under the circumstances: else how could he have dared, while pathetically urging me to a correspondence, to steal his arm about my waist, as (I blush to say—that is, I would blush, if I could, for having forgotten to do so then) he did, enforcing his arguments with an occasional tender squeeze. I am aware that I deserve the sentence of death at the hands of a feminine jury, and that it was due to my costume to have made a show of virtuous indignation; but when, *apropos* of our correspondence, he was so exceedingly kind and minute in his details of their future movements, I really hadn't the heart to stop him.

It was cruel in me, however, when he, at parting, prayed for a lock of my hair, to give him one of Aunt Rhoda's braids, after a feint of cutting it off, neatly rolled up in a small round parcel. He placed it gallantly over his heart, and went away rejoicing; but I am afraid that the first examination of his artificial treasure changed his joy into wrath only equaling that of Aunt Rhoda's, who mourned for her braid like Rachel, and who, I fear, will never forgive me my journey to Wilson's Creek. The General, however, got the desired information, as my gallant friend had unconsciously afforded me every facility for so doing, and I have made my peace with Sue, who pouted a little on first hearing the story. I have sent also to New York for another pair of artificial braids; and as for the rebel officer, it only serves him right. Let him learn in future how to treat unprotected females.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION.

ON page 117 we illustrate THE DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION FROM FORT MACON, NORTH CAROLINA, from a sketch by a volunteer correspondent, who writes as follows:

FORT MACON, *January* 24, 1863.

Accompanying this note you will find a sketch of a large fleet which has been for some time past fitting out here to go we know not where, but suspect it is Charleston; we are now in ignorance, but perhaps ere this reaches you all will have known its destination, and its success or failure. Many of our principal steamers are engaged in conveying the troops; the gun-boats and *Monitors* left last Saturday, but I suppose they will co-operate with the troops now leaving. The view is taken from Morehead City railroad landing; the depôt and part of the railroad are prominent on the left; part of a regiment are on the platform this side of the depôt, and stragglers are to be seen here and there engaged in different occupations, the most noticeable at the time being that of cooking; sailing boats, a large schooner (the masts only are visible), and a steamboat (the *Freeborn*, which obtained I believe a reputation for running the Potomac blockade), lie at the wharf; the foreground is marshy grass, so common in the Southern harbors. I have drawn the vessels as they appeared.

Fort Macon can be seen between the shipping, most of which having received their complement of troops are anchored off the fort, making them quite small from the point from which the sketch was taken. The *Guide*, *Cahawba*, *Convoy*, *New England*, *Expounder*, ship *J. Morton*, and numerous propellers and side-wheelers are in the number.

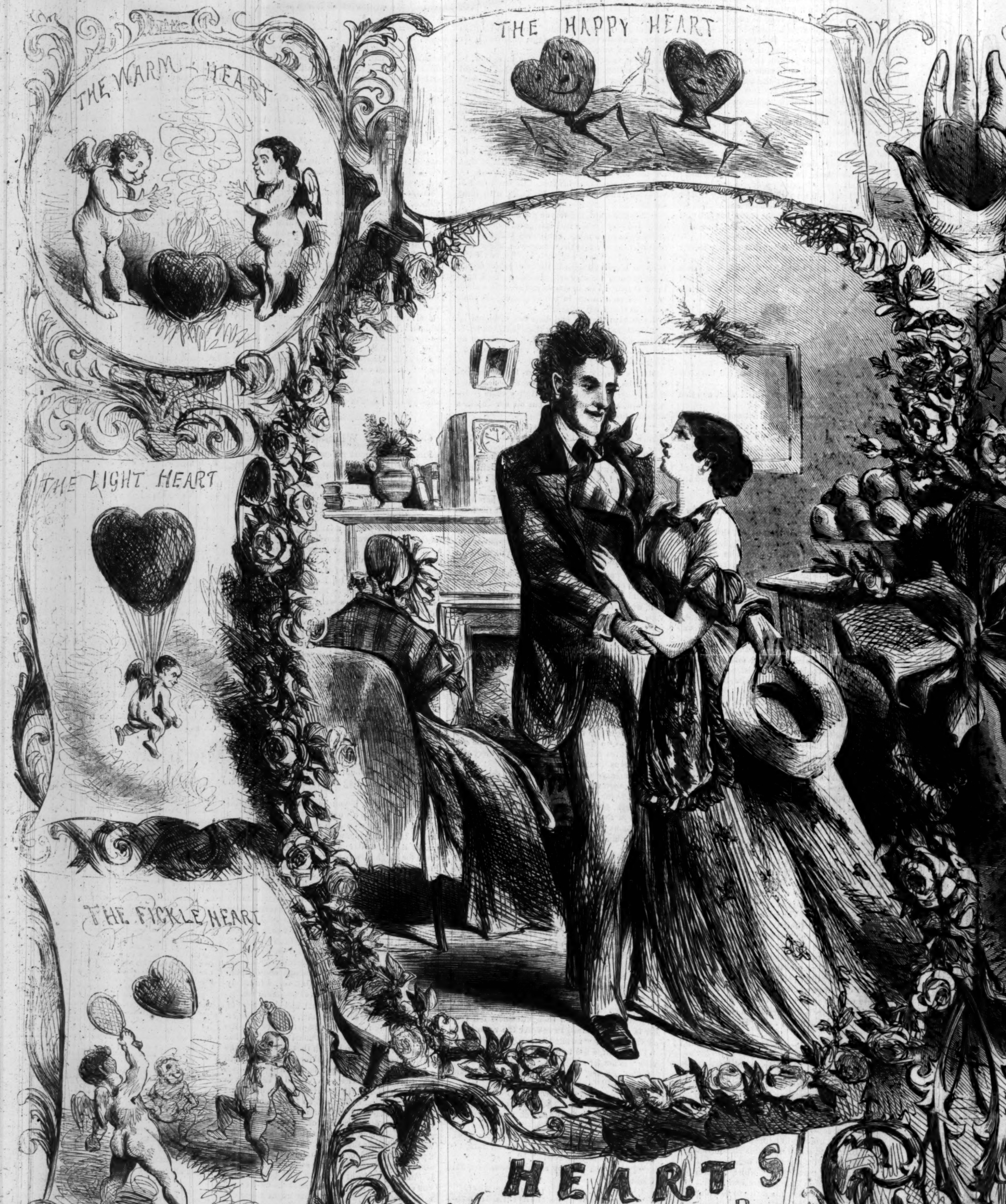
THE EFFECTS OF THE PROCLAMATION.

THOUGH the President's proclamation of freedom has been so often compared to the Pope's Bull against the comet, it seems to be producing some substantial fruits. We publish on page 116 an illustration of CONTRABANDS COMING INTO NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, from a sketch sent us by an amateur, who writes as follows:

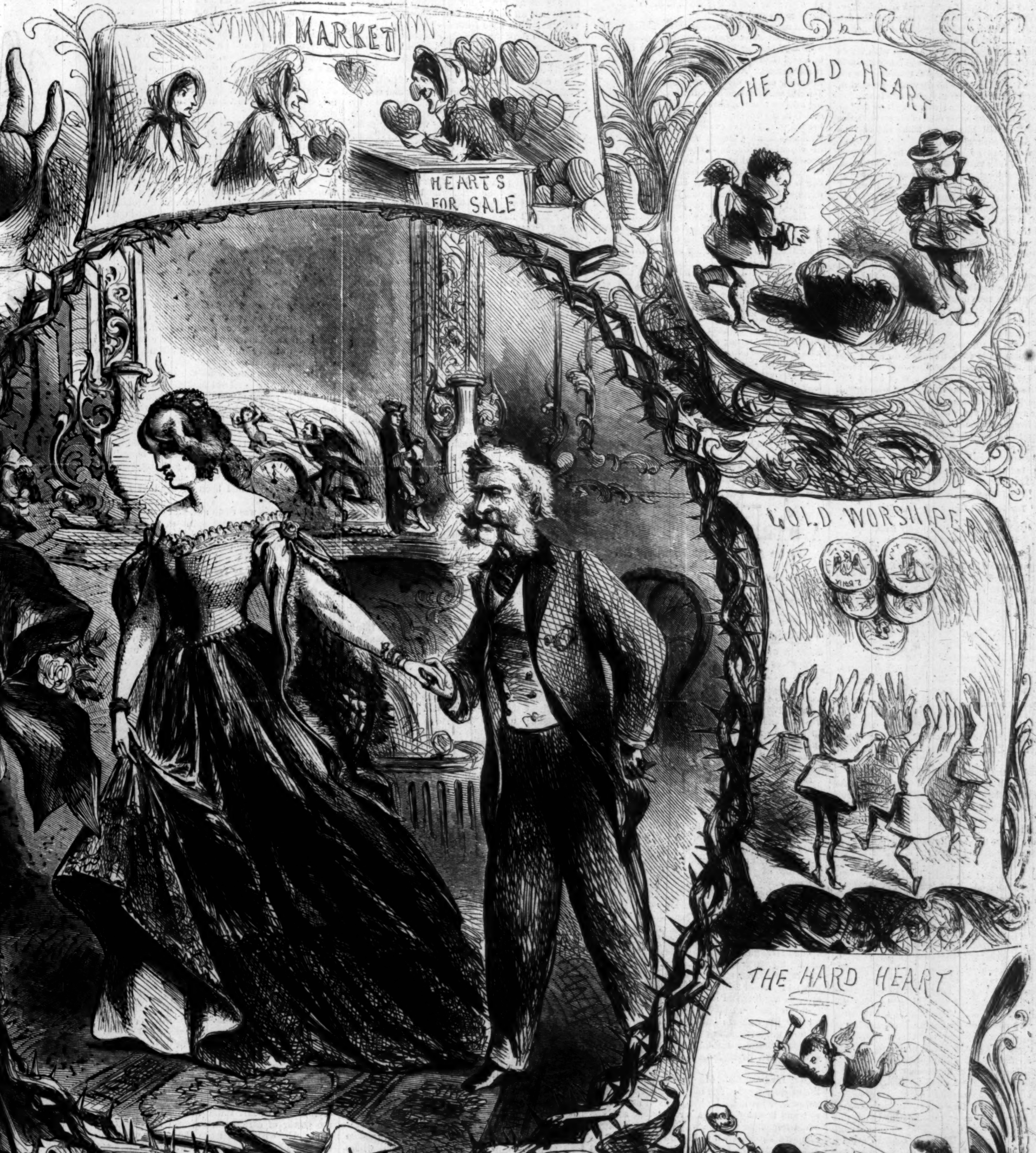
NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, *January* 26, 1863.

I inclose a sketch of a very interesting procession which came to Newbern from "up country" a few days ago. It is the first-fruits of the glorious emancipation proclamation in this vicinity, and as such you may deem it worthy of engraving in your illustrated *Weekly*.

On our late expedition into Greene and Onslow Counties our company (Company C, Fifty-first Massachusetts Regiment) was out on picket duty the night before our return to Newbern, when an old slave came in to us in a drenching rain; and on being informed that he and his friends could come to Newbern with us, he left, and soon the contrabands began to come in, with mule teams, oxen, and in every imaginable style. When morning came we had 120 slaves ready to start with their little all, happy in the thought that their days of bondage were over. They said that it was known far and wide that the President has declared the slaves free.


THE WARM HEART
THE HAPPY HEART
THE LIGHT HEART
THE FICKLE HEART
HEARTS
A LESSON FOR

HEARTS AND HANDS—ST. WAL


MARKET
HEARTS FOR SALE
THE COLD HEART
GOLD WORSHIPER
THE HARD HEART
& HANDS,
ST. VALENTINES DAY
HOWARD DEL

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1863.

HANDS AND HEARTS.

A Lesson for St. Valentine's Day.

"What now, Alice?" exclaimed Blanche Raymond, tearing into shreds at the same time the delicate-tinted valentine which had absorbed her attention for the last few moments.

"I have arranged the lace as you wish it; do you not think it greatly improved?" and she held up the rich silk with its graceful trimming for the admiration of Blanche, who nervously grasped it, unmindful of the damage to ruches and lace.

"Yes, yes, that will do; now take it away."

"If you have no further need of my services this evening I should like to go home earlier than usual," Alice ventured to say.

"You can not go just yet," replied the proud beauty. "I may wish some alteration in my dress, or something done. So you can wait a while."

A crimson flush suffused the cheek and brow of Alice Hastings. Gathering up the rich robe, she quietly passed into the next room to await further orders. Alice had schooled her heart to receive in silence the petty tyranny of her patron. To say she did not feel each bitter word would belie the sensitive nature of one so pure and guileless. Though poor and compelled to work each day, Alice was not unhappy; and when her busy fingers plied the needle through the rich fabric of some exquisite robe destined to deck the graceful figure of Blanche at some grand reception or ball, no jealous feelings came over her heart, no sigh of envy escaped her.

To-day she has been particularly happy, and a bright gleam stole forth from her dark eye, and pleasant memories came stealing over her heart, giving her countenance such a look of sweet content as to excite the envy of Blanche, who had all that mortal could desire but a contented spirit.

Dear reader, if you would learn the reason of Alice's happiness, glance at the little valentine she has hugged all the day long to her beating heart. It is but a rude design, and the uneven characters of the penman show that he is not an accomplished scholar, but the language is that of a true heart, and reads thus:

TO DEAR ALICE.

Thy joy shall be my only thought,
Thy excellence my pride;
Thy faith, fore'er, shall be my faith,
If thou wilt be my bride.

Thomas.

Do you wonder at her happy looks, or that she was anxious to return home early, knowing, as she did, that he, the idol of her heart, would come to make that home a paradise to her? Wearily the moments dragged along as she sat waiting.

All this while Blanche stood gazing out upon the cold starlight, indulging her bitterness of spirit unmindful of Alice. When a neighboring clock tolled the hour of seven Alice became impatient, and at the risk of her place again asked permission to leave, which this time was readily granted.

Quickly the little feet of Alice pit-a-patted over the frozen ground toward her humble home, where, if wealth did not shine out from parlor and hall, there dwelt contented spirits, and the kind welcome she received after the labors of the day caused her to forget the little annoyances she had to contend with.

Seated by the side of her aged mother before [illegible] cheerful fire, her heart was filled with rosy dreams of the future, picturing herself the happy wife of one whose coming she momentarily awaited. Leaving her thus pleasantly occupied, let us return to Blanche Raymond.

Nature to her had been lavish in its gifts. Behold her as she stands before the mirror arranging her head-dress upon her well-shaped head. What a face to look upon! so beautiful in its chiseled outline! An abundance of soft, wavy hair crowns her polished brow and is rolled in heavy bands at the back. The arching brows shade her soft eyes, in whose dreamy depths are shadowed forth all the wild emotions of her troubled spirit. The Grecian nose, the half-parted lips, and rounded chin are as beautiful as some pictured Houri of a poet's dream.

In her own boudoir, so exquisite in its appointments that it is a fit habitation for the Queen of Fairy-land, she lingers long after an obsequious servant has handed her upon his silver tray the card of Mr. Graham. Touching it lightly with her taper-fingers, and for one moment glancing at the name so delicately engraved thereon, she petulantly threw it into the fire. Watching it burn, her lovely form shook with emotion, and, as if angry with herself for the momentary weakness, she exclaimed, "I will not yield to this girlish passion. Oh, why do you return after years of forgetfulness, thoughts that the world should have crushed from memory? Why at this moment comes this whisper of discontent, this thrilling tempest of emotion?" Upon her bended knees she had made a vow to forget; but how little can we guess our strength in matters where the heart is concerned! Where find the balm to soothe its bitterness when we feel that all of love is over, when we know that it is wrong to watch the glance of the eye, when the sound of the footstep must no longer gladden the ear, and the tone of the voice, which had all the power of enchantment, must never fill our hearts again with its sweet music! Closed also must be the gates of memory to every thought of one when the hand is pledged to another.

In girlhood's happy hours, ere the world had claimed her for its own, Blanche had loved wisely and well: for her cousin Herbert was every way worthy of the true love of any girl, and he had given her his heart in return—not for a day, month, or year, but forever; for love in him was unchangeable. And in the far-off home there was not a breeze fanned his brow but left him burdened with love for her whom he had left home and kindred to seek fame for her sake; but as years rolled on, Blanche indulged her ambitious views to such an extent that Herbert was seen as a speck upon the horizon of fame, and her eye wandered higher and higher until it rested upon Mr. Graham—one of the great magnates of the land—as one before whose position even her spirit could bow. And with all this she must take his winter of age. There was no elixir in all the catalogue which would once more give the freshness of youth to his face or elasticity to his step.

She must give her answer this evening, and as the moment approaches a sickening dread comes over her, leaving her more an outcast from her own soul than from the world to which she is about to sell herself. Already an hour has elapsed; the interview can be delayed no longer. Clasping a jeweled snake around her fair white arm, and dashing away a tear from her carnation cheek, she descends to the drawing-room and, with a smile upon her lip, glides softly as some bright spirit to Mr. Graham's side. Clasping her jeweled hand within his wrinkled palm, he is about to imprint a kiss upon her lips, but she turns away her head to hide her feelings, and for the moment her thoughts wander to where Herbert, under India's burning sun, dreams of his betrothed bride, little thinking that she will in that hour barter peace and happiness for fame, and give her life into the keeping of one upon whose wrinkled brow had gathered the frosts of many winters. Leaving her to give her answer, we will once more retrace our steps to the humble home of Alice Hastings.

She had waited but a few minutes ere the well-known step of her lover fell upon her listening ear, and springing to meet him, she was soon folded to his heart, and felt that in all the wide world there was no haven of rest so secure, no repository so sacred for all her hopes and fears as his faithful bosom. And with his strong arm around her, she looks with confidence into his smiling face and feels that not one of the thousand cords he had woven around her heart would ever know blight or mildew so long as they lived.

Looking down in her up-turned face, he said, "Alice, I have loved you long and well; I know the purity of your life, and my companionship with you has taught me much that has made me what I am. Will you be mine, one and inseparable forever?" The soft pressure of the hand and a gentle kiss sealed the vows of these loving hearts forever.

Ere many months had elapsed two weddings were celebrated.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

Ellinor was awakened by a rapping at her door; it was her maid.

She was fully aroused in a moment, for she had fallen asleep with one clearly-defined plan in her mind, only one, for all thoughts and cares having no relation to the terrible event were as though they had never been. All her purpose was to shield her father from suspicion. And to do this she must control herself—heart, mind, and body must be ruled to this one end.

So she said to Mason:

"Let me lie half an hour longer; and beg Miss Monro not to wait breakfast for me; but in half an hour bring me up a cup of strong tea, for I have a bad headache."

Mason went away. Ellinor sprang up, rapidly undressed herself, and got into bed again; so that when her maid returned with her breakfast there was no appearance of the night having been passed in any unusual manner.

"How ill you do look, Miss!" said Mason. "I am sure you had better not get up yet."

Ellinor longed to ask if her father had yet shown himself; but this question—so natural at any other time—seemed to her so suspicious under the circumstances, that she could not bring her lips to frame it. At any rate, she must get up and struggle to make the day like all other days. So she rose, confessing that she did not feel very well, but trying to make light of it, and when she could think of any thing but the one awe, to say a trivial sentence or two. But she could not recollect how she behaved in general, for her life hitherto had been simple, and led without any consciousness of effect.

Before she was dressed a message came up to say that Mr. Livingstone was in the drawing-room.

Mr. Livingstone! He belonged to the old life of yesterday! The billows of the night had swept over his mark on the sands of her memory; and it was only by a strong effort that she could remember who he was—what he wanted. She sent Mason down to inquire from the servant who admitted him whom it was that he had asked for.

"He asked for master first. But master has not rung for his water yet, so James told him he was not up. Then he took thought for a while, and asked could he speak to you—he would wait if you were not at liberty, but that he wished particularly to see either master or you. So James asked him to sit down in the drawing-room, and he would let you know."

"I must go," thought Ellinor. "I will send him away directly; to come thinking of marriage to a house like this—to-day too!"

And she went down hastily, and in a hard, unsparing mood, toward a man whose affection for her, she thought, was like a gourd, grown up in a night, and of no account but as a piece of foolish, boyish excitement.

She never thought of her own appearance—she had dressed without looking in the glass. Her only object was to dismiss her would-be suitor as speedily as possible. All feelings of shyness, awkwardness, or maiden modesty were quenched and overcome. In she went.

He was standing by the mantle-piece as she entered. He made a step or two forward to meet her, and then stopped, petrified, as it were, at the sight of her hard white face.

"Miss Wilkins, I am afraid you are ill! I have come too early; but I have to leave Hamley in half an hour, and I thought— Oh, Miss Wilkins! what have I done—"

For she sank into the chair nearest to her, as if overcome by his words; but, indeed, it was by the oppression of her own thoughts: she was hardly conscious of his presence.

He came a step or two nearer, as if he longed to take her in his arms, and comfort and shelter her; but she stiffened herself and arose, and by an effort walked toward the fire-place, and there stood, as if awaiting what he would say next. But he was overwhelmed by her aspect of illness. He almost forgot his own wishes, his own suit, in his desire to relieve her from the pain, physical, as he believed it, under which she was suffering. It was she who had to begin the subject.

"I received your letter yesterday, Mr. Livingstone. I was anxious to see you to-day, in order that I might prevent you from speaking to my father. I do not say any thing of the kind of affection you can feel for me—me, whom you have only seen once. All I shall say is that the sooner we both forget what I must call folly the better."

She took the airs of a woman considerably older and more experienced than himself. He thought her haughty; she was only miserable.

"You are mistaken," said he, more quietly, and with more dignity than was likely from his previous conduct. "I will not allow you to characterize as folly what might be presumptuous on my part. I had no business to express myself so soon; but which in its foundation was true and sincere. That I can answer for most solemnly. It is a possible though it may not be a usual thing for a man to feel so strongly attracted by the charms and qualities of a woman, even at first sight, as to feel sure that she, and she alone, can make his happiness. My folly consisted—there you are right—in even dreaming that you could return my feelings in the slightest degree, when you had only seen me once. And I am most truly ashamed of myself. I can not tell you how sorry I am, when I see how you have compelled yourself to come and speak to me when you are so ill."

She staggered into a chair; for, with all her wish for his speedy dismissal, she was obliged to be seated. His hand was upon the bell.

"No, don't!" she said. "Wait a minute."

His eyes, bent upon her, with a look of deep anxiety, touched her at that moment, and she was on the point of shedding tears; but she checked herself, and rose again.

"I will go," said he. "It is the kindest thing I can do. Only, may I write? May I venture to write, and urge what I have to say more coherently?"

"No," said she. "Don't write. I have given you my answer. We are nothing, and can be nothing, to each other. I am engaged to be married. I should not have told you if you had not been so kind. Thank you. But go now."

The poor young man's face fell, and he became almost as white as she was for the instant. After a moment's reflection he took her hand in his, and said,

"May God bless you, and him too, whoever he may be. But if you want a friend, I may be that friend, may I not? and try to prove that my words of regard were true in a better and higher sense than I used them at first." And, kissing her passive hand, he was gone, and she was left sitting alone.

But solitude was not what she could bear. She went quickly up stairs, and took a strong dose of sal volatile, even while she heard Miss Monro calling to her:

"My dear, who was that gentleman that has been closeted with you in the drawing-room all this time?"

And then, without listening to Ellinor's reply, she went on:

"Mrs. Jackson has been here" (it was at Mrs. Jackson's house that Mr. Dunster lodged), "wanting to know if we could tell her where Mr. Dunster was, for he never came home last night at all. And you were in the drawing-room with—who did you say he was?—that Mr. Livingstone who might have come at a better time to say good-by, and he had never dined here, had he? so I don't see any reason he had to come calling and P. P.-ing, and your papa was not up. So I said to Mrs. Jackson, 'I'll send and ask Mr. Wilkins if you like, but I don't see any use in it, for I can tell you just as well as any body that Mr. Dunster is not in this house, wherever he may be.' But nothing would satisfy her but that some one must go and waken up your papa, and ask if he could tell where Mr. Dunster was."

"And did papa?" inquired Ellinor, her dry throat huskily forming the inquiry that seemed to be expected from her.

"No! to be sure not. How should Mr. Wilkins know? As I said to Mrs. Jackson, 'Mr. Wilkins is not likely to know where Mr. Dunster spends his time when he is not in the office, for they do not move in the same rank of life, my good woman;' and Mrs. Jackson apologized, but said that yesterday they had both been dining at Mr. Hodgson's together, she believed; and somehow she had got it into her head that Mr. Dunster might have missed his way in coming along Moor Lane, and might have slipped into the canal; so she just thought she would step up and ask Mr. Wilkins if they had left Mr. Hodgson's together, or if your papa had driven home. So I asked her why she had not told me all these particulars before, for I could have asked your papa myself all about when he last saw Mr. Dunster; and I went up to ask him a second time, but he did not like it at all, for he was busy dressing, and I had to shout my questions through the door, and he could not always hear me at first."

"What did he say?"

"Oh! he had walked part of the way with Mr. Dunster, and then cut across by the short path through the fields, as far as I could understand him through the door. He seemed very much annoyed to hear that Mr. Dunster had not been at home all night; but he said I was to tell Mrs. Jackson that he would go to the office as soon as he had had his breakfast, which he ordered to be sent up directly into his own room, and he had no doubt it would all turn out right; but that she had better go home at once. And, as I told her, she might find Mr. Dunster there by the time she got there."

"There, there is your papa going out! He has not lost any time over his breakfast!"

Ellinor had taken up the Hamley *Examiner*, a daily paper, which lay on the table, to hide her face in the first instance; but it served a second purpose, as she glanced languidly over the columns of the advertisements.

"Oh! here are Colonel Macdonald's orchideous plants to be sold! All the stock of hot-house and stove-plants at Hartwell Priory. I must send James over to Hartwell to attend the sale. It is to last for three days."

"But can he be spared for so long?"

"Oh yes; he had better stay at the little inn there, to be on the spot. Three days;" and as she spoke she ran out to the gardener, who was sweeping up the newly-mown grass in the front of the house. She gave him hasty and unlimited directions, only seeming intent—if any one had been suspiciously watching her words and actions—to hurry him off to the distant village where the auction was to take place.

When he was once gone she breathed more freely. Now no one but the three cognizant of the terrible reason of the disturbance of the turf under the trees in a certain spot in the belt round the flower-garden would be likely to go into the place. Miss Monro might wander round with a book in her hand; but she never noticed any thing, and was short-sighted into the bargain. Three days of this moist, warm, growing weather, and the green grass would spring, just as if life—was what it had been twenty-four hours before.

When all this was done and said it seemed as if Ellinor's strength and spirit sank down at once. Her voice became feeble, her aspect wan; and although she told Miss Monro that nothing was the matter, yet it was impossible for any one who loved her not to perceive that she was far from well. The kind governess placed her pupil on the sofa, covered her feet up warmly, darkened the room, and then stole out on tip-toe, fancying that Ellinor would sleep. Her eyes were, indeed, shut; but try as much as she would to be quiet, she was up in less than five minutes after Miss Monro had left the room, and walking up and down in all the restless agony of body that arises from an overstrained mind. But soon Miss Monro reappeared, bringing with her a dose of soothing medicine of her own concocting, for she was great in domestic quackery. What the medicine was Ellinor did not care to know; she drank it without any sign of her usual merry resistance to physic of Miss Monro's ordering; and as the latter took up a book and showed a set purpose of remaining with her patient, Ellinor was compelled to lie still, and presently fell asleep.

She wakened late in the afternoon with a start. Her father was standing over her, listening to Miss Monro's account of her indisposition. She only caught one glimpse of his strangely-altered countenance, and hid her head in the cushions—hid it from memory, not from him. For in an instant she must have conjectured the interpretation he was likely to put upon her shrinking action, and she had turned toward him, and had thrown her arms round his neck, and was kissing his cold, passive face. Then she fell back. But all this time their sad eyes never met—they dreaded the look of recollection that must be in each other's gaze.

"There, my dear!" said Miss Monro. "Now you must lie still till I fetch you a little broth. You are better now, are not you?"

"You need not go for the broth, Miss Monro," said Mr. Wilkins, ringing the bell. "Fletcher can surely bring it." He dreaded the being left alone with his daughter—nor did she fear it less. She heard the strange alteration in her father's voice, hard and hoarse, as if it was an effort to speak. The physical signs of his suffering cut her to the heart; and yet she wondered how it was that they could both be alive, or, if alive, that they were not rending their garments and crying aloud. Mr. Wilkins seemed to have lost the power of careless action and speech, it is true. He wished to leave the room now his anxiety about his daughter was relieved, but hardly knew how to set about it. He was obliged to think about the veriest trifle in order that, by an effort of reason, he might understand how he should have spoken or acted if he had been free from blood-guiltiness. Ellinor understood all by intuition. But henceforward the unspoken comprehension of each other's hidden motions made their mutual presence a burdensome anxiety to each. Miss Monro was a relief; they were glad of her as a third person, unconscious of the secret which constrained them. This afternoon her unconsciousness gave present pain, although on after reflection each found in her speeches a cause of rejoicing.

"And Mr. Dunster, Mr. Wilkins, has he come home yet?"

A moment's pause, in which Mr. Wilkins pumped the words out of his husky throat.

"I have not heard. I have been riding. I went on business to Mr. Estcourt's. Perhaps you will be so kind as to send and inquire at Mrs. Jackson's."

Ellinor sickened at the words. She had been all her life a truthful, plain-spoken girl. She held herself high above deceit. Yet here came the necessity for deceit—a snare spread around her. She had not revolted so much from the deed which brought unpremeditated death as she did from these words of her father's. The night before, in her mad fever of affright, she had fancied that to conceal the body was all that would be required; she had not looked forward to the long weary course of small lies, to be done and said, involved in that one mistaken action. Yet, while her father's words made her soul revolt, his appearance melted her heart as she caught it, half turned away from her, neither looking straight at Miss Monro nor at any thing materially visible. His hollow, sunk eye seemed to Ellinor to have a vision of the dead man before it. His cheek was livid and worn, and its healthy coloring, gained by years of hearty outdoor exercise, was all gone into the wanness of age. His hair even, to Ellinor, seemed grayer for the past night of wretchedness. He stooped, and looked dreamily earthward, where formerly he had stood erect. It needed all the pity called forth by such observation to quench Ellinor's passionate contempt for the course on which she and her father were embarked when she heard him repeat his words to the servant who came with her broth.

"Fletcher, go to Mrs. Jackson's and inquire if Mr. Dunster is come home yet. I want to speak to him."

"To him!" lying dead where he had been laid; killed by the man who now asked for his presence. Ellinor shut her eyes, and lay back in despair. She wished she might die, and be out of this horrible tangle of events.

Two minutes after she was conscious of her father and Miss Monro stealing softly out of the room. They thought that she slept.

She sprang off the sofa and knelt down.

"O God!" she prayed; "Thou knowest! Help me! There is none other help but Thee!"

I suppose she fainted. For an hour or more afterward, Miss Monro, coming in, found her lying insensible by the side of the sofa.

She was carried to bed. She was not delirious, she was only in a stupor, which they feared might end in delirium. To obviate this, her father sent far and wide for skillful physicians, who tended her, almost at the rate of a guinea the minute.

People said how hard it was upon Mr. Wilkins, that hardly had that wretch Dunster gone off, with no one knows how much out of the trusts of the firm, before his only child fell ill. And, to tell the truth, he himself looked burned and scared with affliction. He had a startled look, they said, as if he never could tell, after such experience, from which side the awful proofs of the uncertainty of earth would appear, the terrible phantoms of unforeseen dread. Both rich and poor, town and country, sympathized with him. The rich cared not to press their claims, or their business, at such a time; and only wondered in their superficial talk, after dinner, how such a good fellow as Wilkins could ever have been deceived by a man like Dunster. Even Sir Frank Holster and his lady forgot their old quarrel, and came to inquire after Ellinor, and sent her hot-house fruit by the bushel.

Mr. Corbet behaved as an anxious lover should do. He wrote daily to Miss Monro to beg for the most minute bulletins; he procured every thing in town that any doctor even fancied might be of service. He came down as soon as there was the slightest hint of permission that Ellinor might see him. He overpowered her with tender words and caresses, till at last she shrank away from them, as from something too bewildering, and past all right comprehension.

But one night before this, when all windows and doors stood open to admit the least breath that stirred the sultry July air, a servant on velvet tip-toe had stolen up to Ellinor's open door, and had beckoned out of the chamber of the sleeper the ever watchful nurse, Miss Monro.

"A gentleman wants you," were all the words the housemaid dared to say so close to the bedroom. And softly, softly Miss Monro stepped down the stairs into the drawing-room; and there she saw Mr. Livingstone. But she did not know him; she had never seen him before.

"I have traveled all day. I heard she was ill—was dying. May I just have one more look at her? I will not speak; I will hardly breathe. Only let me see her once again!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't know who you are; and if you mean Miss Wilkins by 'her,' she is very ill, but we hope not dying. She was very ill, indeed, yesterday; very dangerously ill, I may say, but she is having a good sleep, in consequence of a soporific medicine, and we are really beginning to hope—"

But just here Miss Monro's hand was taken, and, to her infinite surprise, was kissed before she could remember how improper such behavior was.

"God bless you, Madam, for saying so. But if she sleeps, will you let me see her; it can do no harm, for I will tread as if on egg-shells; and I have come so far—if I might just look on her sweet face. Pray, Madam, let me just have one sight of her. I will not ask for more."

But he did ask for more, after he had had his wish. He stole up stairs after Miss Monro, who looked round reproachfully at him if even a nightingale sang, or an owl hooted in the trees outside the open windows, yet who paused to say herself, outside Mr. Wilkins's chamber-door,

"Her father's room; he has not been in bed for six nights till to-night; pray do not make a noise to awaken him." And on into the deep stillness of the hushed room, where one clear ray of hidden lamp-light shot athwart the floor, where a watcher, breathing softly, sat beside the bed—where Ellinor's dark head lay motionless on the white pillow, her face almost as white, her form almost as still, you might have heard a pin fall. After a while he moved to withdraw. Miss Monro, jealous of every sound, followed him, with steps all the more heavy because they were taken with so much care down the stairs, back into the drawing-room. By the bed-candle flaring in the draught she saw that there was the glittering mark of wet tears on his cheek; and she felt, as she said afterward, "sorry for the young man." And yet she urged him to go, for she knew that she might be wanted up stairs. He took her hand, and wrung it hard.

"Thank you. She looked so changed—oh! she looked as though she were dead. You will write—Herbert Livingstone, Langham Vicarage, Yorkshire; you will promise me to write. If I could do any thing for her, but I can but pray. Oh, my darling! my darling! and I have no right to be with her."

"Go away, there's a good young man," said Miss Monro, all the more pressing to hurry him out by the front door, because she was afraid of his emotion overmastering him, and making him noisy in his demonstrations. "Yes, I will write; I will write, never fear!" and she bolted the door behind him, and was thankful.

Two minutes afterward there was a low tap; she undid the fastenings, and there he stood, pale in the moonlight.

"Please don't tell her I came to ask about her; she might not like it."

"No, no! not I! Poor creature, she's not likely to care to hear any thing this long while. She never roused at Mr. Corbet's name."

"Mr. Corbet's!" said Livingstone, below his breath, and he turned and went away; this time for good. But Ellinor recovered. She knew she was recovering, when day after day she felt involuntary strength and appetite return. Her body seemed stronger than her will; for that would have induced her to creep into her grave, and shut her eyes forever on this world, so full of troubles.

She lay, for the most part, with her eyes closed, very still and quiet; but she thought with the intensity of one who seeks for lost peace and can not find it. She began to see that if in the mad impulses of that mad nightmare of horror they had all strengthened each other, and dared to be frank and open, confessing a great fault, a greater disaster, a greater love—which in the first instance was hardly a crime—their future course, though sad and sorrowful, would have been a simple and straightforward one to tread. But it was not for her to undo what was done, and to reveal the error and shame of a father. Only she, turning anew to God, in the solemn and quiet watches of the night, made a covenant, that in her conduct, her own personal and individual life, she would act loyally and truthfully. And as for the future, and all the terrible chances involved in it, she would leave it in His hands—if, indeed (and here came in the Tempter), He would watch over one whose life hereafter must seem based upon a lie. Her only plea, offered "standing afar off," was, "the lie is said and done and over—it was not for my own sake. Can filial piety be so overcome by the rights of justice and truth as to demand of me that I should reveal my father's guilt?"

Her father's severe, sharp punishment began. He knew why she suffered, what made her young strength falter and tremble, what made her life seem nigh about to be quenched in death. Yet he could not take his sorrow and care in the natural manner. He was obliged to think how every word and deed would be construed. He fancied that people were watching him with suspicious eyes, when nothing was further from their thoughts. For once let the "public" of any place be possessed by an idea, it is more difficult to dislodge it than any one imagines who has not tried. If Mr. Wilkins had gone into Hamley market-place, and proclaimed himself guilty of the manslaughter of Mr. Dunster—nay, if he had detailed all the circumstances—the people would have exclaimed, "Poor man, he is crazed by this discovery of the unworthiness of the man he trusted so; and no wonder—it was such a thing to have done—to have defrauded his partner to such an extent, and then have made off to America!"

For many small circumstances, which I do not stop to detail here, went far to prove this, as we know, unfounded supposition; and Mr. Wilkins, who was known, from his handsome boyhood, through his comely manhood, up to the present time, to all the people in Hamley, was an object of sympathy and respect to every one who saw him, as he passed by, old and lorn and haggard before his time, all through the evil conduct of one, London-bred, who was as a hard unlovely stranger to the popular mind of this little country town.

Mr. Wilkins's own servants liked him. The workings of his temptations were such as they could understand. If he had been hot-tempered, he had also been generous, or I should rather say careless and lavish with his money. And now that he was cheated and impoverished by his partner's delinquency, they thought it no wonder that he drank long and deep in the solitary evenings which he passed at home. It was not that he was without invitations. Every one came forward to testify their respect to him by asking him to their houses. He had probably never been so universally popular since his father's death. But, as he said, he did not care to go into society while his daughter was so ill—he had no spirits for company.

But if any one had cared to observe his conduct at home, and to draw conclusions from it, they could have noticed that, anxious as he was about Ellinor, he rather avoided than sought her presence, now that her consciousness and memory were restored. Nor did she ask for, or wish for him. The presence of each was a burden to the other. Oh, sad and woeful night of May—overshadowing the coming summer months with gloom and bitter remorse!

RUTH HOLLIDAY'S VALENTINE.

HARK! was that eldritch sound only the wail of the November wind upon the snow-covered hill-side? or was it something more than human? Ruth Holliday shivered involuntarily as she sat all alone in front of her bright hearth-stone knitting with mechanical rapidity.

"I must be getting nervous," she murmured to herself. But she rose, nevertheless, to close the window-shutters—as if that could exclude the melancholy moan of the autumn blasts—and to replace the blazing fore-stick which had fallen from the bright brass fire-dogs and lay among smouldering sparks and ashes upon the red brick hearth.

All alone, we said, for she was one of that much contemned class of society—old maids! You might have discovered that for yourself with one glance round the neat little room, where the boards of the floor couldn't have been whiter if they had been carpeted with white satin, and the fringe to the window-curtains looked like netted snow! And there was a kitchen, too, where the black-leaded stove actually winked at you with brightness, and the fat copper tea-kettle sat side by side with a stew-pan full of simmering apples, and the overflowing tin pail of "batter" which was to resolve itself the next morning into golden-brown buckwheat cakes. For if any body said Ruth Holliday wasn't a good housekeeper it was pretty plain they didn't know what they were talking about.

She was not uncomely, either, old maid though she was, as she sat there in the light of the one candle on the round wooden stand at her elbow. The thirty years of her life-pilgrimage had not dimmed the gloss upon her chestnut hair, nor extinguished the fire in her bright brown eye, although her skin had lost its youthful elasticity and bloom, and "crows-feet" lurked under her eyes, and at the corners of her mouth. Ruth Holliday might have been almost pretty even now were it not for the sad, almost bitter expression that characterized her whole face.

For to-night, while the melancholy wind sighed in the hollows, and gusts of sleet tinkled ever and anon against the window-panes, something had set her to thinking of old times—of the St. Valentine's eves when she was a rosy girl, and Walter Gray used to sit beside this self-same hearth and hold the ball of yarn while she knit as she was knitting now—of her first Valentine, slipped under the window, while the sunrise was just reddening above the forests, and Walter Gray lingered

> "——at the casement waiting
> To be her Valentine!"

How vividly they all came back to her! the days when he was her sweet-heart at singing-school and apple bee, and the neighboring girls used to tease her about the lithe young sailor, until her cheeks were redder than the red-hearted shells he used to bring her from those long, long cruises!

Well, it was over now. They had quarreled on some slight pretext—Walter had married Anne Moss, and she—she was an old maid! Yet when the news had come—come with the May breezes and sunshine—of his death amidst the shot and shell of that fatal repulse on the James River, Ruth felt as if she too were bereaved as well as the pale, indolent Anne, whom she hated so fiercely in her heart. Ruth had said long ago, that she never would forgive either Walter or Anne—and she had kept her word.

Hush! some hand was plying the rusty iron knocker without, and Ruth rose to undo the latch.

"Why, Mrs. Elbury, is it you?"

"Yes, it's me!" croaked the widow Elbury, emerging from under the shadow of her green hood and scarlet blanket shawl, shriveled and wrinkled, as one might imagine the Witch of Endor to look. "Awful evenin', ain't it? Thank'ee, I *will* set a bit nearer to the fire—can't stay but a minute though. Pretty smart, eh? S'pose you've heerd the news?"

"News? no—what news is there?" said Ruth, rather languidly, for she felt but little interest in such village gossip as the widow Elbury was wont to retail.

"Why, do tell! You hain't heerd, then? Widder Gray's dead—she 't was Anne Moss, you know—Walter Gray's widder!"

"I know whom you mean," said Ruth, mechanically biting her lip till the blood came.

"Yes, poor creetur—she's gone at last. She always was a shiftless consarn—and that boy o' hern will have to go to the poor-house, for there ain't a cent o' money left. Anne was ailin' quite a spell, and doctors' bills do mount up so. He's a pretty boy enough—eight year old last June, jest the picter o' what Walter used to be. You remember what a chirky feller he was? Folks used to say one while he was courtin' you!"

The widow looked sharply at Ruth to see how she took this home-thrust; but Ruth quietly seamed away at the heel of her blue worsted stocking, and the widow was out-generaled.

"Ain't that Steve Rogers's lumber-wagon I hear comin' down the hill? 'Tis, sure enough! Well, Ruth, I'm sorry I can't set a spell longer, but I calculated on gettin' a ride over to my sister Almiry's with Steve. Good-evenin'. Do come over and spend a day with our folks!"

Ruth came in from seeing her talkative guest safe into the wagon of the hapless "Steve Rogers," and stood a moment before the fire, listening to the wild wind.

"Walter Gray's child cast upon the tender mercies of the Poor-House!" she thought, again and again. "I prayed years ago that I might live to see myself revenged: the prayer is fulfilled; and yet—"

Ah, Ruth, in the fulfillment of *such* prayers there is but the bitterness of Marah!

"It can not—must not be!" she exclaimed, hysterically, a moment afterward. "I loved Walter once: I can not see his child suffer."

Ruth tied on her little brown bonnet, wrapped the worsted shawl with trembling fingers around her, and went out into the rain and sleet of that dreary, dreary night.

Up through the desolate wail of the tempest rose the feeble treble of a child's voice, crying out,

"Must I go to the poor-house? Oh, mother! mother! why did you die and leave me all alone?"

There was a touch on his shoulder; he shrank back, sobbing and shuddering.

"Oh, not yet! I can not go to the poor-house *yet!*"

"My boy," said Ruth, softly, "you shall not go at all. Hereafter you shall share my home with me, and be my adopted child!"

Little Walter, looking up through his father's eyes, clung fondly round the old maid's neck; to him she was as beautiful as an angel at that moment.

He ate his supper that night at Ruth Holliday's hearth-stone—white milk, new bread, and Ruth's choicest strawberry jam—and she watched him with the light of a new smile illuminating her face. The old maid had found something to live for.

So the old year died out in white drifts of snow stained with the crimson fire of many sunsets. Ruth made a pilgrimage with little Walter one clear January evening to the church-yard on the hill; but none of the neighbors ever guessed who hung the wreath of golden immortelle over the rude stone that marked Anne Moss's neglected grave.

St. Valentine's Eve—a night of keen wind and driving snow—and the strange pair were sitting together at the cozy hearth, keeping silence and talking by turns.

"Aunt Ruth," said the boy—thus she had learned him to call her—"do you hear the wind? It sounds like some one crying out for help."

"We are warm and snug here, Walter," said Ruth.

"I was thinking," resumed the child, "what a dreadful gale this must be at sea. Aunt Ruth, when I'm a big man, I want to be a sailor, like my father."

Ruth did not answer; she only pressed Walter's hand closer in hers, and he felt the soft palm tremble.

Suddenly there was a step on the floor beside them: some one had entered unheard in the groanings of the storm. Ruth uttered a shriek, as she saw the tall sun-burnt man standing in their midst, then sprang wildly to her feet.

"Walter—it is Walter!"

"Yes, Ruth, it is Walter, and he has heard it all—how you have been a mother to his motherless boy. Ruth, I never thought to have stood beside you alive again. I have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; yet I could have borne it all cheerfully—ay, even gladly—had I looked forward to this."

What a troubled, joyous evening that was!—troubled through its very excess of gladness; and when at length little Walter's heavy eyelids drooped, and he slept in his chair at the fireside, Gray rose, reluctantly, to depart.

"Ruth," he said, clasping her hand, as they stood together on the threshold, "my first love, will you be Walter's mother in reality, as well as in tenderness? Will you be my wife, dear Ruth? We both have passed through many trials since I was your boy-Valentine, but I love you more dearly than ever, for I have learned your worth. Will you marry me, Ruth?"

When Ruth came back to rouse little Walter and put him to bed he opened his sleepy eyes wide at the lovely color upon her face.

"Why, Aunt Ruth, your cheeks are like that monthly rose in the window. What is the matter?"

But Aunt Ruth, perverse for once in her life, would not answer.

Verily, the ancient prophecy concerning such things had been fulfilled, and it happened that Ruth Holliday's first Valentine was her last.

ATTACK ON FORT HINDMAN.

WE are indebted to Mr. Stellwagen, of the Bureau of Ordnance at Washington, for the drawings of the ATTACK ON FORT HINDMAN, at Arkansas Post, which we reproduce on page 124. We gave, together with a picture of the Fort, in our number before last, a full description of the work and of our attack upon it, and do not deem it necessary to repeat them again.

THE ATTACK ON FORT M'ALLISTER.

ON page 125 we publish an illustration of the attack of, the iron-clad gun-boat *Montauk* on Fort M'Allister, in the Ogeechee River, on the 28th January. Our picture is from a sketch by an officer of the *Dawn*. The *Montauk* was not disabled, as reported by the rebels. She received seventeen shots in her side and twelve on her turret, without receiving any injury whatever, although engaged for five hours. She returned to her anchorage for want of shells. It being foggy next morning she did not return to the attack.

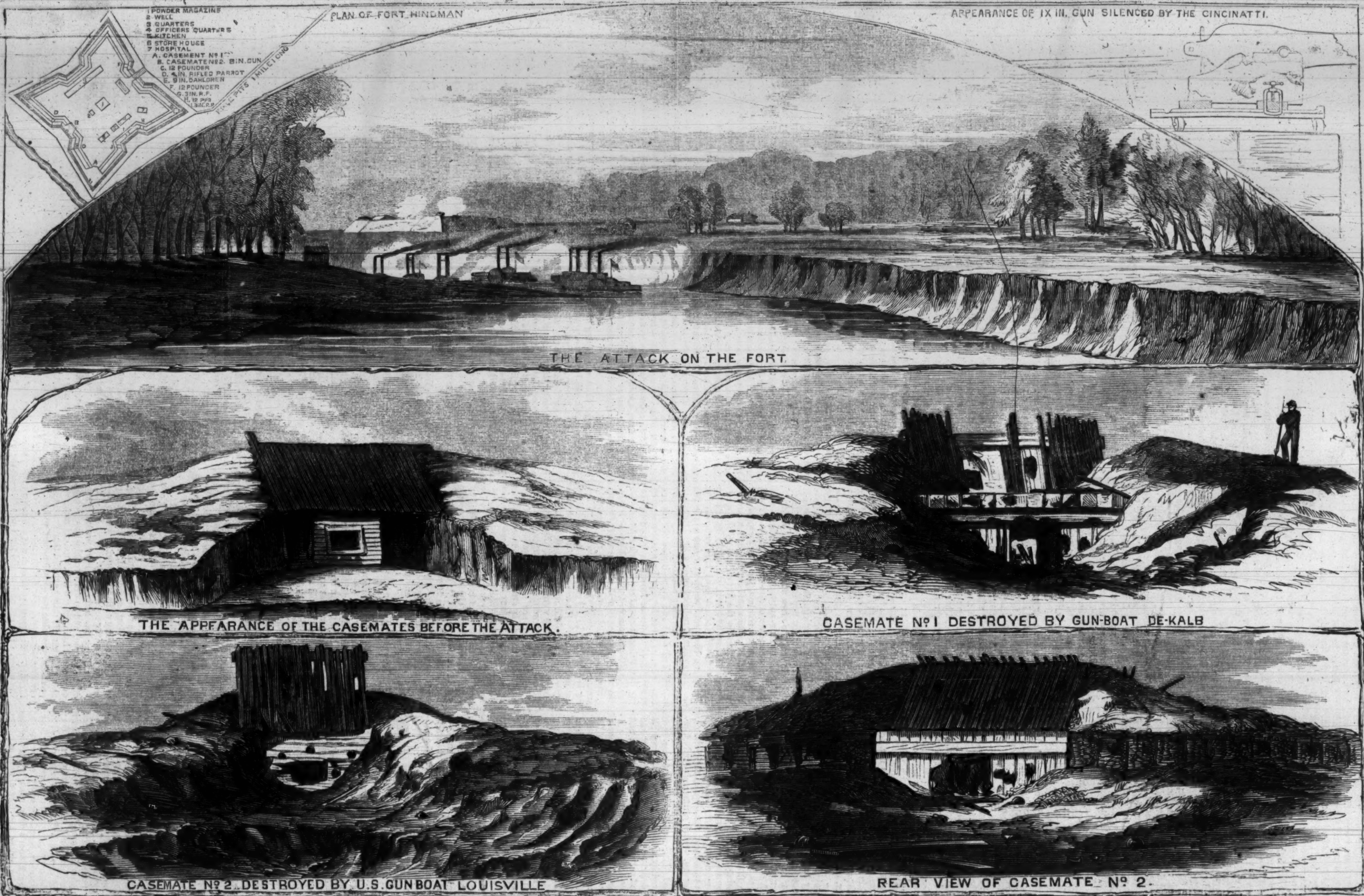
The *Herald* correspondent thus describes Fort M'Allister:

> Fort M'Allister is casemated, and is a strong-built, iron-plated fort, mounting thirteen guns. Shells from the *Montauk* could easily be seen bursting inside, and the enemy flying into the casemates. It appeared to be very strongly manned. A brigade from Savannah is reported to have reinforced the garrison on Thursday, and the whole country around is alive with cavalry and infantry.

Of the performance of the *Montauk* he says:

> It is said that the *Montauk* fired in all seventy-six shots, and was struck forty-five times, forty striking the turret, making no further impression than an indentation in the iron from three-eighths to five-eighths of an inch deep, and shaped like a saucer. The enemy's shells were filled with sand to render them more effective, and, when they struck, burst like a percussion cap, scattering the iron and sand around. It is said that one shell entered the smoke-stack of the *Montauk*, shattering it to pieces. No further injury to the fort was done than the dismounting of one or two guns.

The attack would be renewed as soon as the obstructions in the river were removed.


PLAN OF FORT HINDMAN
1 POWDER MAGAZINE
2 WELL
3 QUARTERS
4 OFFICERS QUARTERS
5 KITCHEN
6 STORE HOUSE
7 HOSPITAL
A. CASEMENT Nº 1
B. CASEMATE Nº 2. 8 IN. GUN
C. 12 POUNDER
D. 4 IN. RIFLED PARROT
E. 9 IN. DAHLGREN
F. 12 POUNDER
G. 3 IN. R.F.
H. 12 PDR
I. 3 IN. R.P.
RIFLE PITS 1 MILE LONG
APPEARANCE OF IX IN. GUN SILENCED BY THE CINCINATTI.

THE ATTACK ON THE FORT.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE CASEMATES BEFORE THE ATTACK.

CASEMATE Nº 1 DESTROYED BY GUN-BOAT DE-KALB

CASEMATE Nº 2. DESTROYED BY U.S. GUNBOAT LOUISVILLE

REAR VIEW OF CASEMATE Nº 2.

FORT HINDMAN, AT ARKANSAS POST, ARKANSAS.—FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

OUR ARTIST "CORRESPONDENT AT LARGE."

MR. J. ROSS BROWNE is well known by name and works to the literary world. His contributions to *Harper's Magazine* would fill several volumes. Like most men possessing the faculty of humor, he is fond of caricaturing himself, and he appears in a variety of questionable disguises in his own sketches. The above portrait, for which we are indebted to Mr. Cramer, a young American artist, residing at Frankfort in Germany, barring a slight touch of caricature, is a capital likeness of the man who visited Crusoe's Island, discovered Yusef Badra, "The Destroyer of Robbers," traveled with Doctor Mendoza, "Peeped at Washoe," made a "Dangerous Journey" in California, visited Norway, Poland, Iceland, Russia, and several other countries in behalf of *Harper's Magazine*, where not a few of his varied adventures have been recorded, and where more, we trust, will be narrated. During more than twenty years of almost constant travel he has supported himself and a large family, and made his way in almost every capacity within the limits of human industry. His journeyings by land and sea amount already to more than six times around the world—no trifling achievement when we consider the various methods of travel which he has adopted. Mr. Browne is a native of Ireland. A generation ago his father was the editor of the *Dublin Comet*, the leading paper of the day in Ireland. Taking strong ground against the oppressive acts of the English Government, his paper was suppressed and he was thrown into prison. A book written by him called "The Parson's Horn-book," illustrated by Samuel Lover, gained a wide notoriety, and may even now be met with. The elder Browne was finally released from imprisonment on condition of leaving the country. He came to America in 1833, bringing with him his family, among whom was John Ross, then a mere lad. He struck for the Far West, settled in Indiana, where he established himself as the owner of a saw-mill and proprietor of a ferry; subsequently he removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he became editor of a newspaper, in connection with which his son's literary faculties received their first definite impulse.

Mr. Browne commenced his adventurous career by starting from Louisville, Kentucky, on foot, and making a tour of several months through the Western States. He made several trading voyages down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in the capacity of a common boatman. At the age of eighteen he became police reporter to the Louisville *Advertiser;* then a student in the College of Medicine; and subsequently a stenographic reporter in Congress. In 1842, having saved up fifteen dollars, he started for Europe, put up at the Astor House, and got rid of the last remnant of his money in about two days. He then went down on South Street, saw a sign calling for whalemen, and shipped on a voyage to the Indian Ocean. Browne was one of a crew of thirteen men, chiefly Portuguese, and lived in the forecastle, subject to all the benefits of hard fare and harder labor. During this memorable voyage he visited the Azores, Cape de Verde, and Canary Islands; Madagascar, Makumba, and the Comoros; and finally, on the breaking out of a mutiny, occasioned by cruel treatment of the crew, left the vessel at Zanzibar, near the East Coast of Africa, and lived for three months among the Arabs. From Zanzibar he worked his passage home in a vessel bound to the United States from the Persian Gulf; and touched on the way at St. Helena, where he paid a visit to Napoleon's tomb. Of his perilous adventures in the whale-fishery he has given a graphic account in a narrative published by Harper and Brothers in 1844, entitled "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise," which has been noticed by the *Edinburgh Review* and other English journals in favorable terms.

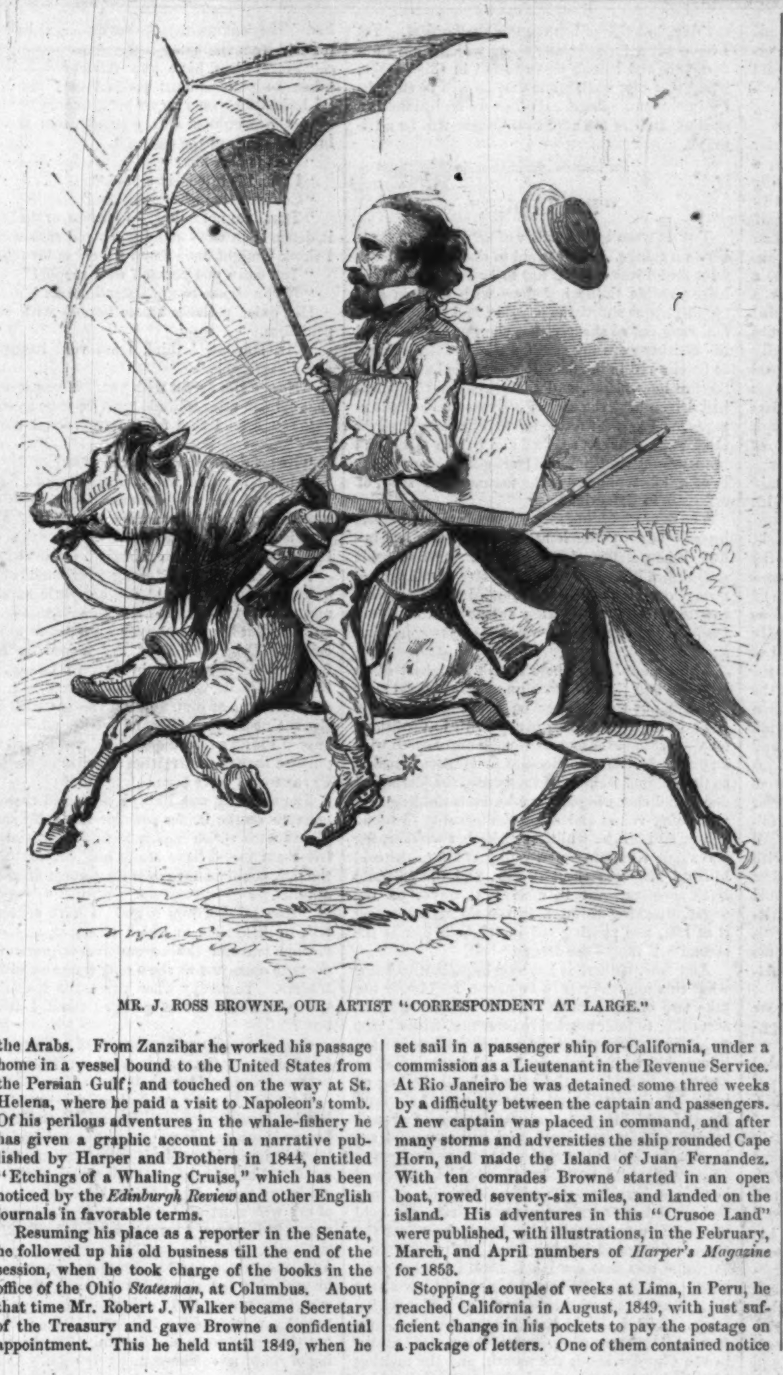
Resuming his place as a reporter in the Senate, he followed up his old business till the end of the session, when he took charge of the books in the office of the Ohio *Statesman*, at Columbus. About that time Mr. Robert J. Walker became Secretary of the Treasury and gave Browne a confidential appointment. This he held until 1849, when he set sail in a passenger ship for California, under a commission as a Lieutenant in the Revenue Service. At Rio Janeiro he was detained some three weeks by a difficulty between the captain and passengers. A new captain was placed in command, and after many storms and adversities the ship rounded Cape Horn, and made the Island of Juan Fernandez. With ten comrades Browne started in an open boat, rowed seventy-six miles, and landed on the island. His adventures in this "Crusoe Land" were published, with illustrations, in the February, March, and April numbers of *Harper's Magazine* for 1853.

Stopping a couple of weeks at Lima, in Peru, he reached California in August, 1849, with just sufficient change in his pockets to pay the postage on a package of letters. One of them contained notice of a reduction in the revenue service and his own removal. While looking around for a situation as washer-man or mule-driver, he met an influential friend who appointed him a deputy Postal Agent, and he traveled through the southern part of California in that capacity. When the Convention met to form the State Constitution, Browne being the only regular stenographer in the country, was appointed to report the proceedings. For this job he received ten thousand dollars cash in advance. During the debate in the United States Senate, relative to the admission of California, it became necessary to have this report, and the Senate, by resolution, purchased two thousand copies, for which they paid our lucky adventurer three thousand dollars. With the fortune thus acquired, he built a handsome house near Washington, and "retired" for life.

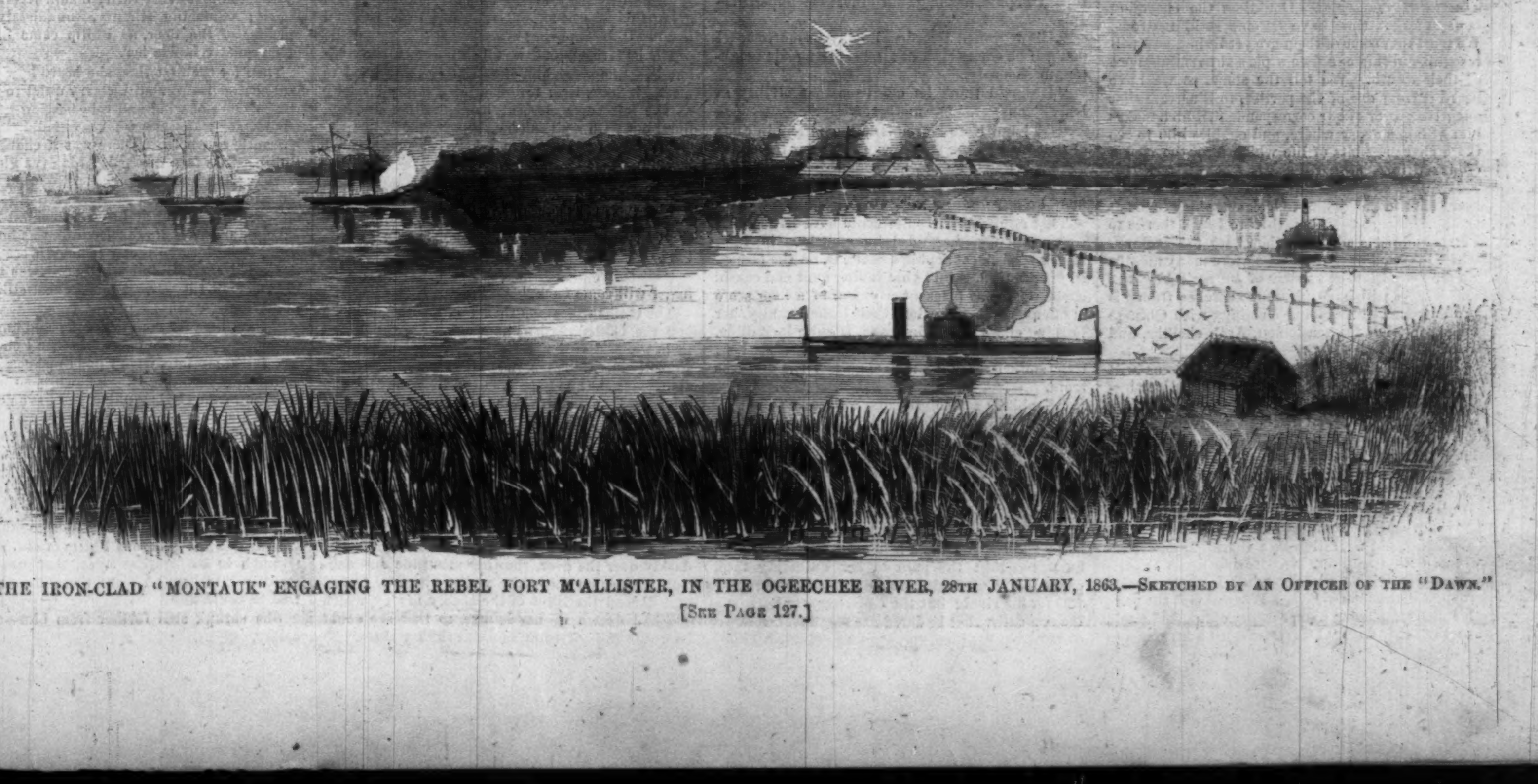
Three months of retirement answered his purpose. He sold out for cost, pulled up stakes, and started for Europe. We next find him, by letters to the *National Intelligencer*, ranging through Austria, Hungary, the various German States, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land. His adventures in Syria and Palestine have been given to the world in a popular book entitled "Yusef—a Crusade in the East," issued by the Harpers in 1853. Yusef Badra, the renowned dragoman who conducted Mr. Browne through Syria, is the most perfect type of his class in our literature. Kinglake's Demetri can not be compared with him. He was a real character, a little idealized perhaps, and might have made his fortune from the celebrity which Browne gave to him, only he fell into bad ways, and after visiting America in charge of some Arabian horses, returned to Beirut, where he died three or four years ago. If we were to select the five most readable books of Eastern travel, we should hesitate whether the first place should be given to Browne's "Yusef" or Kinglake's "Eothen." The third place certainly belongs to Warburton's "Crescent and Cross;" the fourth and fifth place may be fairly contested by Curtis's "Howadji" and Prime's "Tent Life."

On his return from this extensive tour he went to Washington, received an appointment as General Inspector of Custom-houses and Public Depositories; and in that capacity visited all the Collection Districts in the United States, including those of Minnesota, California, Oregon, and Washington Territory.

In 1855 he bought a small ranche, and settled in California, and for the ensuing five years was Special Agent of the Treasury and Interior Departments for the Pacific Coast; and visited all the Indian Tribes, and nearly every acre of ground between the Straits of Fuca and San Diego. He has made altogether six trips to and from California. Before the close of the Buchanan Administration he got himself into trouble with the powers at Washington for exposing the frauds committed in the public service. A spirited account of this part of his career is given in an article on "The Indian Reservations," in the August Number of *Harper's Magazine*, 1861. On losing his official head he buckled on his pack and blanket, and started on foot for the Silver Mines of Washoe, where he set up an Agency. His hardships, trials, and misfortunes there are amusingly described in a series of papers entitled "A Peep at Washoe," also published in *Harper's Magazine*. In 1860 he left the Pacific Coast for Europe; and during the last two



MR. J. ROSS BROWNE, OUR ARTIST "CORRESPONDENT AT LARGE."



THE IRON-CLAD "MONTAUK" ENGAGING THE REBEL FORT M'ALLISTER, IN THE OGEECHEE RIVER, 28TH JANUARY, 1863.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "DAWN."

[SEE PAGE 127.]

years and a half has traveled on foot nearly all through Germany; made tours through Spain, Portugal, and Algeria; Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Norway; and lastly, Denmark, and Iceland. Various sketches of his adventures in these interesting regions have appeared, illustrated by himself.

Mr. Browne has all the requisites for a traveler—indomitable courage, unfailing perseverance, a quick eye for character, and, above all, unfailing good-humor. Nature has given him the faculty of getting along with all sorts of people. In half an hour he is perfectly at home any where—in an Indian hut, an Italian locanda, a Syrian caravansera, a Russian traktir, a German beer-garden, a Fifth Avenue mansion, an Icelandic cabin, or a Californian ranche. We believe he has never tried a turn among the cannibals; but we have no doubt that a Fijian or a Fan would, in an hour, be ready to give him the best his house afforded. A good story was told us the other day illustrating his faculty of "getalongativeness." A score of years ago, while on a foot-tour with a companion through Kentucky, they chanced to be for a few days at the pretty village of Henderson.

"There seem to be pleasant people here," said one to the other; "we must get acquainted with them."

They had passed one pleasant house, and caught a glimpse of a bright face or two peeping from the window. Upon inquiry at the hotel they learned that the owner was Colonel Attocks, a magnate of the place, a fine old Kentucky gentleman, famous as a bear-hunter in old times, and having a family of charming daughters. Their plan was formed at once. Knocking at the door, they inquired if the Colonel was at home. He was somewhere on the farm, they were told by his wife, a well-bred Kentucky lady; wouldn't the young gentlemen walk in and wait for him. Of course they would, and soon fell into pleasant talk with the good lady. A piano stood in the parlor; Browne ran his fingers over the keys in the intervals of talk. The parlor door soon opened, and a young lady entered, followed at intervals by another and another, until the whole family was assembled, and they with their unannounced visitors were soon in full flow of pleasant talk. After an hour or so the Colonel made his appearance—a true old Kentucky gentleman. Now came the crisis.

"Myself and friend," said Browne; "allow me to introduce him. Mr. O'Gormon—Colonel Attocks."

"Happy to meet you, Mr. O'Gormon, and your friend, Mr.—?" replied the Colonel, interrogatively.

"Mr. Browne—Colonel Attocks," responded O'Gormon, introducing his friend in turn.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Browne," responded the Colonel.

"Myself and friend," continued Browne, "in traveling through this part of the State have heard that you have had some curious adventures with bears, and have taken the liberty of calling upon you, and asking if you would tell us about them."

The Colonel was only too happy to trot out his favorite hobby, and for a couple of hours there were told some of the tallest bear-stories ever narrated; the visitors repaying them with anecdotes and reminiscences; the young ladies alternating with chat and music. All parties were equally delighted. Evening approached—almost unheeded.

"Gentlemen," said the worthy Colonel, "you must stay to tea."

They excused themselves, but, with the Colonel's permission, they would call in the evening. Evening came. Browne put his flute in his pocket, and O'Gormon carried his violin, and repaired to the Colonel's hospitable mansion. The worthy hosts, delighted with their chance acquaintances, had invited their friends and neighbors, and the parlors were filled with a score or two of the élite of Henderson. The strangers were formally introduced, and a delightful evening followed. The young men were pressed, with true Kentucky hospitality, to visit all their new acquaintances, and were made free of the best society in the place during the week through which their stay lasted.

The story ought, by rights, to have ended by one or both of the young men falling in love with and marrying one of the acquaintances thus oddly made. But nothing of the kind happened. They pursued their tour, carrying away and leaving behind remembrances of a pleasant time. This was a score of years ago. Doubtless the charming belles of that time have become staid matrons. We trust that some of them are yet living, and will recognize in this anecdote a pleasant reminiscence of their youth. We tell the story, as we have heard it from one of the parties, to illustrate that adaptive power of our correspondent, which makes him at home every where, and enables him to see those charming bits of life which form the charm of his writings.

Mr. Browne proposes now to make another little tour; first to California, to look after his ranche at Oakland, thence to China, then to India, thence to Persia and parts adjacent, then back to Germany, where his family now reside. Before many months we dare say that the readers of *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly* will have pleasant sketches from his pen and pencil, describing meetings with Chinese mandarins, Hindoo gentlemen, Arab sheikhs, and Persian emirs.

Meanwhile, for a few weeks, Mr. Browne will remain in the Eastern States, and will deliver lectures upon the various regions which he has visited. One upon Iceland has been received with favor by several intelligent audiences. Geir Zöega, his guide to the Geysers, has taken rank with Yusef, and the English travelers, with their multifarious appliances for "roughing it" in Iceland, are already classic. If he will only throw his Crusoe Adventures into the form of a lecture *à la Albert Smith*, it could not fail to be a charming entertainment. As a lecturer, Mr. Browne needs experience. He talks well only when he is in perfect *rapport* with his audience. When this is the case, his quaint, delicate humor comes out. As he told us the other day, "I have traveled hard roads in my day, but this of lecturing is the hardest. Yet I have never failed in any thing which I have undertaken, and I don't mean to fail in this." We, who know him well, know that he will be successful in this new sphere. His lecture on Iceland is a success, and we are sure that Crusoe will be a triumph.

"PRECIOUS."

THERE wasn't the shadow of an excuse to serve her as a refuge. It was cold to that extent that a faint sound was a thing not to be thought of; the least possible tinkle had done with itself in that nipping air as shortly as possible, and the dressing-bell rang out so sharply that she must have heard it. Neither were any considerations of the weather to be allowed in her defense, for Marie had kindled the fire long before, and the cozy, crackling heat had driven back the early frostiness to the window-panes, where it set forth, in sparkling show, silver intricacies of forest, scathed and barren pines, and branches bearing diamond fruit quite independently of soil or trunk, after the manner, doubtless, of originals in Fairy-land.

The azure morning robe and embroidered skirts hung ready by the long dressing-glass, brushes and china toilet-boxes were arrayed on the marble slab before it, and close by the white-curtained bed (where our lazy little Sophie, cuddled among great square pillows, lay looking out at window like a meditative little mouse) was her *peignoir* and fur-lined slippers.

The *shadow!* why there wasn't the ghost of an excuse; and that is more unsubstantial yet: for you can put your finger on a shadow, and you can't on a ghost, if there is any faith in tradition: only—for who ever found a woman unprepared with an excuse?—it was so pleasant to lie there listening to the gradual waking of the house, the jarring of doors, and clattering at the fires, bells tinkling here and there, voices and steps commencing to sound below, and all the while, opposite her window, fog and shadow building up a wall just above the cold hills to keep out the late day, and the splendid light shooting over it, making it waver on the edges, breaking through in the midst, scattering it at last, and pouring out in triumph just as the second bell rang—the dressing-bell.

And here, if there is any one impatient to know what this idle story is to be about, let him or her take two or three more turns at cigar or crochet, according to their respective pronouns, while I stop to lament over a phrenological deficiency in that bump, which, if developed, would have led at an early age to raids on the cat's tail and the bag of indigo, to the wrath and consternation of the family and said cat, and the gratification of artistic tendencies; for here am I, with my story and my heroine in the cold, and the dictionary bankrupt: whereas, could I but paint, I should have shown her to you here, as words will never do it; as, rosy and sparkling from her virtuous dash into cold water, she was brushing her bright hair over the slender fingers of her left hand with a dextrous turn and toss that carried it back from her forehead, and twisted it like a cable of gold low at the back of her head, where she made sure of it with a comb. And I should have shown you how, in a face at all times pleasing, lay possibilities of beauty, in the dimples about the mouth, and the melting of the chin into the round throat, in the sudden glancing of white teeth when she smiled, in the softening downward sweep of brown lashes over clear gray eyes, in the contrast of dark brows with the bright hair, and the frequent rosy insurrection of color in either cheek, all the more piquant because to be waited and watched for; and then, in the orthodox story-telling style, I should have come with her down the broad staircase to the breakfast-room, which she entered rosy and smiling, causing thereby sudden uprising of spite in the breasts of those ladies who were pale and languid in consequence of Mrs. Pomeroy's soirée the night before.

Sophie's first glance showed her that Lieutenant Brundage's chair was empty, and Mrs. Leighton's (her aunt's) first question was concerning it.

"Sophie, we were just speaking of George Brundage. Of course *you* know when he is coming back."

"No; my intuition doesn't extend so far," returned Sophie, flushing, but otherwise imperturbable.

"His regiment is ordered away to-morrow. I doubt if he comes back at all," said Eugénie Leighton, maliciously.

"I should think he owed *me* that civility at least!" answered her mother, stiffly.

"Oh! but Kate Mason is in town; and in cases of that kind young men are apt to forget the civility that is due to elderly mothers of families. Really you can hardly blame him. They are said to be quite *aux petits soins*."

That any feminine spite could have barbed this conversation, and, guided by malicious instinct, struck straight at Sophie's heart, is, on the face of it, manifestly absurd; that loving aunt and cousin could regard as pleasant payment of a long score of offenses innocently done their jealous vanity, her burning cheek and filling eyes, is quite incredible. They, of course, had no thought of hurting her; they smiled around the table when she left the room.

"Sophie is a nice girl, and we are very fond of her," explained Eugénie, benevolently; "only she is such an incorrigible little coquette I have no patience with her!"

Philip Dupont, who had looked on gravely, now rose and followed her. He knew well enough, even before he opened the library door, how he should find her—nestling in one of the great chairs, her head bent down and face hidden in her hands; knew too that the pain in her quivering face, as she looked up at him in a pitiful, appealing way, was for his rival; but the suffering was hers, and the sympathy that he dared not speak looked down at her from his kindly eyes as he sat down beside her. The conversation, however, might have been retailed from the house-tops.

"Since when have you renounced balls and taken to philosophical meditations?" he asked. "I looked for you every where, unable to believe that you would absent yourself from the most brilliant affair of the season."

"Was it pleasant?"

"I found it intensely stupid."

"Confirmation of my wisdom."

"That does not follow. Pleasure, or the lack of it, depends on one's stand-point and surroundings. I think I might have found it very enjoyable."

"You mean you yourself were stupid?"

"If you choose to understand me so."

His quiet patience smote Sophie with sudden penitence.

"Mr. Dupont, I think I am very impertinent and disagreeable."

"No one else agrees with you. If you remain in that opinion utter solitude must be your portion."

"You intend that for the traditional coals of fire?"

"No; only my honest conviction."

Spite of herself a smile dimpled about Sophie's mouth, and she was commencing to reply with something like interest, when the click of a hoof sounded on the gravel-walk. There was a quick run up the steps, a firm, elastic tread in the hall.

Philip drew back as if stung, while Sophie turned quietly enough and held out her little hand in a matter-of-course way to Lieutenant Brundage, just entered, but his jealous eyes were not so to be deceived. Color and light had leaped up to her face, dimples struggled in her cheeks to be let loose in a smile, and the happy flutter with which she looked up at him, and the content with which she sat near him quiet and silent, while he answered Philip's forced questions, were more to the purpose than a dissertation the size of the Grand Cyrus would have been.

The suffering was Philip's now, and there were none to soothe it, for perhaps the half-mournful glance with which Sophie looked after him as he left them would have stung him deeper than all the rest, could he have seen it. George drew a sigh of relief.

"How good of him to go! I have so much to tell, so little time in which to say it, and such a morbid sense of the uncomfortable proclivity of doors to open just at the wrong time and admit intruders. Yesterday when you asked I would not tell you where I was going. Shall I tell you now?"

Sophie, deep in contemplation of a dingy, uncertain saint over the mantle-piece, signified from the extreme corner of her chair that she was listening.

"I went to see your father," pursued George, low but steadily, "to tell him what you must have known long ago. He was very kind, but said, frankly, that he could not look with the same favor on me as on Philip Dupont, who, it seems, had preceded me in my suit. I had entered the army: the life of my wife must at best be a roving and uncertain one. Philip was older, wealthier, more settled in character, could give you the position you deserved. You, of course, were free to make your choice; but he wished it to be an unbiased one, and made not now, but after a year of reflection. I was at liberty to tell you this, as Mr. Dupont will doubtless do; but there was to be no plighting of troths, no giving of rings, no romance, as he styled it. As Philip can see you when he chooses, I, who must be absent, may write to you if you will permit me, only I have given *parole d'honneur* that my letters shall treat of the war, the weather, gossip, plague, pestilence, and famine, any thing but love. In short, he turned out a second Laban on my hands, though I think I shall be quite willing to serve even as long as Jacob for my Rachel," said the young man, looking at her with ardent eyes.

Sophie was silent, so he went on after a pause:

"If I am to fall, I think it would have been pleasant to have had in my remembrance that the voice I think sweetest had once whispered 'George, I love you;' and I should have liked too to have worn your face on my heart; but as all these are denied me, I trust I may keep this," holding up a little perfumed glove. "I found it here on the floor. May I have it?"

Sophie's lips faintly syllabled "Yes."

"And you will answer my letters?"

"Certainly."

"Shall we say good-by now? You know I am going this afternoon, and we can not bid farewell before all those prying eyes."

He had risen and was holding out both his hands. She gave him hers timidly, and tried to meet his look, then to break loose from his grasp as she felt tears close at hand; failing in both, burst out with a pitiful cry,

"Oh, George, how can I bear it! How can I let you go?"

The people were coming from the breakfast-room, Philip talking in a raised voice as he came along the hall as if to warn them. George took the little hands in one and pressed them against his heart.

"Good-by, precious. Ah!—Sophie—God willing, I will come back."

The Goths were upon them; in saying which we beg the Goths' pardon, as we have never heard them accused of the ineffable meanness of prying, specially into things sacred; but between Eugénie's malicious gaze and Sophie, faithful, generous Philip interposed, as he would have done had her eyes been swords and bullets instead; and for his reward, saw Sophie's tearful, quivering face, as he stood pretending to talk with her in the deep window, and heard her low murmur of, "It is more than I can bear!"

It was at home—Sophie's home—and just a little after Christmas. Bitter-sweet filled the vases, pine wreaths still circled the pictures and shadowed darkly over the door, showing most fine and delicate tracery on the white walls, wherever leaped and danced the light of the cheery fire by which she had drawn up her lounge, so that she could look into the quivering flame as she lay there.

There had been a year of waiting and watching, of sickening dread before looking at fearful lists of dead and wounded, only brightened by letters that never treated of love, but were love itself, and that told her he was still safe and well. Just before that Christmas, Philip, spite of a rejection, still her firm and self-forgetting friend, had spoken to her again, not for a love that he knew was given to his rival, but for a reprieve of his sentence. He did not say that the cessation of George's letters, and the story that Eugénie told every where of his betrothal to Kate Mason, spending the winter in Washington, had renewed his hopes, but he showed her enough of his great love to fill her with sadness, and even shake her with doubts of a self that could remain unmoved by such tenderness.

Against such doubts, and against all opposition, spoken or implied, she had hitherto gone on steadily enough; but now that the light was out, the chart lost, and ominous whispers of George's unfaithfulness in every breeze, her poor little bark drifted on in a miserable way indeed. Not Galileo or Fulton ever were more forlorn than she. Her father made no secret of his wish; her mother and sisters plaintively wondered at her; no one approved of her; she and her love were all alone, and perhaps even that was slipping from her grasp. She was very weary, longing unutterably for rest. Why should she not take refuge in the faithful, patient love so long offered her? So she had felt when she had asked Philip for a week's delay; and "Chateau qui parle et dame qui écoute va se rendre," thought he, joyously, as he granted it. But alas for him! At the first shadowing of this possibility on her soul, love, faith, and truth rose up to bar it out; and all that week had raged the battle, bringing her to its end sick in body as well as mind, half despairing, and wholly undecided. Too weary to think, she lay idly watching the flames playing about a great log lying sideways in the fire-place, and glowing red, over and about which tiny jets darted and quivered in dragons' wings, in tongues of fire, pointed arches, and all manner of flame trickery and somersaulting. Curious faces stared out at her from the cinders—faces with eyes wide apart, or entirely given to mouth or nose; there were pits of endless burning; there were castles charring and crumbling at the acme of their glory; and most curious of all, in the very centre, a chair duly hollowed out, very square at top and bottom, and cushioned with soft burning red.

As she looked at it, half smiling at the quaint conceits it suggested, she saw composedly sitting thereon a little figure not longer than her finger, with a pointed cap (that now quivered like a flame on his queer little head, and now gleamed on the tip of his foot, and now went whirling in unimaginable somersaults up the chimney, but always lighted at last on his ugly pate), leaning composedly back and returning her stare unwinkingly from its little restless eyes, as it gave prodigious puffs at a pipe not larger than a dew-drop, but out of which rolled smoke, rosy and fragrant, toward the ceiling in such volumes that, admitting that the less can not contain the greater, left Sophie no other way of reconciling the difficulty than by considering this preposterous individual as a homeopathic edition of Mount Vesuvius. But everyday smoke, whether of a cigar or a crater, makes off with itself in rings, and spirals, and clouds; it does not, as Sophie saw it do, arch itself into windows, and drape itself into hangings, and pack itself away in shelves full of books; in short, whatever post-prandial dreamers or Popocatepetl may be thinking about, they don't float out entire libraries, as the goblin did from his pipe.

Sophie recognized the room with a quick pang. It was her Aunt Leighton's library, and those figures near the window were George and herself; not a doubt of it. He looked kindly enough there, as if the "Precious!" that she heard in a low mournful music, sounding out apparently from her own thoughts, came from his heart; but before she had time for more than a passing feeling of astonishment, figures, books, hangings, all were gone, melted together, took new forms. The room was full of them; busy shapes—busy with a hateful activity—chattering, though she could not hear a word; pantomiming prodigiously; all manner of doubts and suspicions, changing as fast as her thoughts; looking like George; in his form laughing at her letters; kneeling before a figure of Kate Mason, that met him at every turn; holding its hand, kissing it; vanishing silently, soundlessly, at the opening of the door, as Philip came in and sat down quietly beside her.

Then for the first time she heard how the night had changed—from still, starry quiet to long, rattling dashes of wind and rain beating against the window, at which the wind raved and clamored as if frantic to get in. There was a change, too, in Philip. His face was pale; his eyes gloomy and restless; his look no longer peaceful or pleasant, but almost as malign as that of the goblin, still maliciously peering at her from behind his chair. Involuntarily she shrank from him as he took her hand, though so curiously blended were they that she could scarcely tell whether it was the wind, his voice, or the wailing music (that still went on in her thought) that spoke.

"I am here for your decision; and knowing me as you do, you may judge whether I should have forestalled my fate, were I not in possession of circumstances affecting it. Knowing, so bitterly as I do, how from the beginning you have never loved me, judge what proofs of falsehood and dishonor I must have had to embolden me to anticipate the decision that you were to send me. Remembering how coldly you have heard all that I had to say, how little worth you have esteemed my love, think how bankrupt and forlorn I must believe you, once more to offer what you have so despised."

Was this the generous Philip of old, with mean triumph in his restless eyes, that never looked steadily into hers? Were these the only words that he could find?

She shrunk still further from him—answered, coldly, "You mean that George has forgotten me, do you not?"

And whether it were Philip's voice, or the music that still went on, she was answered,

"Yes."

"Still," she pursued, "love is not a bargain. If we have lost it once it is forever. There can be no second trial."

"There is indifference, however, and weariness on your part," he returned, "and an active will on mine. You have no longer any thing with which to oppose me; and I am not only willing, but intend to take you, cold as you are. You have only to choose between meeting 'them,' coming here to triumph over you, forlorn and desolate, or as my wife, to seem, at least, in *their* eyes, unhurt, unharmed. That is your affair, not mine."

This was Philip, the true-hearted gentleman, the faithful lover of truth and right! No longer was there hope of refuge for her in such a heart as that; but she might have rest from struggling, purchase peace from his will, by yielding to it. He had only spoken truth. Sooner or later he must triumph. Why prolong the contest? In his hand he held a ring—"Fortis" glittered on it in the firelight, the motto of the iron race of Duponts. He had slipped it on her finger, he had kissed the little passive hand, he had called her "his" before he left her. And again, as the door closed after him, she heard with wonder how the storm had grown; with what wild tumult it raved about the cozy little house; and how the air was full of sighing, wailing voices. As she listened to them, she was startled by a sigh close at her side, and looking up with dread, saw a dark, motionless figure within reach of her hand. Her heart beat wildly—stopped—throbbed sickeningly again. What was this? She raised herself, she held out her hands, she cried out in terror, as a sudden jet of flame, shooting up from the glowing cinders, shone full on the face of George. She had not heard him come; she could not divine how he had entered; but she sprang to her feet, she clasped him close. She never once remembered his falsehood, his marriage. It was enough that his eyes looked down on her as tenderly as when they parted; that he called her "Precious," as he had done then; that he held her fast in his arm, as if he *thought* her "precious," as they sat together on the sofa.

"My little Sophie, you have been true!" were his first words. "God bless you, and forgive me for doubting you; but I heard some hateful rumors of you and Philip, and when I met him coming from here, and looking so exultant, I half believed them."

True! with that circlet galling her finger for evermore. True! with that device on her third finger striking out into unbearable light in his very sight!

"I have been through a great agony," he went on, not observing her silence. "Only two weeks ago I emerged from delirium and monstrous dreams, that were to be counted by weeks, not days. In all that time you had received no word from me, and the thought made me so mad to come to you that I retarded my own recovery. The pain and fever were nothing to the avarice with which I counted the seconds, to the miserable helplessness with which I have submitted to the creeping of express trains, to the irritation with—with—why, what is this?" for he had seen the ring at last—at last; its baleful lettering had obtruded itself on his sight. He had recognized it; and if it had been an asp, and stung him, he could not have looked at it with more ashy horror—spoken more falteringly: "Sophia, what is this?"

She was silent; her bowed head and shrinking figure speaking to him plainly enough.

"Answer," he said, sternly. "Did you ever love me?"

"Yes."

"Then you were too weak to be faithful?"

"I think I was mad."

He rose, casting her aside like an infected thing; but she clung to him.

"Oh! don't hate me."

"Hate you! Not at all. I don't hate the thistle because it has not proved the lily that I expected. I only despise my own folly."

"Alas! I have harmed you as well as myself. You will never again believe in woman's faith and truth."

"Oh yes; only I will apportion my belief better. I will grant them capable of faith for half an hour—truth while they are talking."

He thrust her off as he spoke, pushing away her clinging fingers rudely. She sprang after him, sobbing, struggling with the arms that held her, still believing in the miserable truth of her dream—looking up piteously into the grave, attentive face of Philip—seeing, with wonder, that there were lights in the room, and that her mother was standing near the door.

"Philip!" she cried out, wildly, "be generous. I can not, oh, I can not!" as she was not yet fully awake, still putting forth all her little strength to escape.

"You see," said Philip's deep voice, glancing slightly toward her mother, "how worse than hopeless it is!" Then to Sophie: "If any thing that I have ever said or dared to hope has pained you, I here renounce it; bury it deep, forget it, and think of me in future as only your friend, but a friend always—till death—"

Something in his face told her that the sentence was unfinished—something in the pain of his look, and the way in which her mother glanced at the half-open door, gave her a guess of what was waiting in the shadow of the hall. Before the door slowly opened—before *he* came pale and ghost-like with wasting sickness, but glad and eager—before she sprang into his arms with a cry that pierced the hearts of those who heard it—she was sure that it was George.

And Philip? There must always be pain to bring forth life. Trees fall that fires may burn and homes be joyful; mountains grind away that valleys may be enriched. To some it is given to suffer, as to others to rejoice; and he won his cross as they their crown.

THE FIGHT OFF CHARLESTON.

IN our last we announced, on the strength of rebel telegrams to Richmond, which had found their way into the New York *Herald*, that the rebel rams at Charleston had attacked our blockading fleet off Charleston, and destroyed the *Mercedita*. We have since received a sketch of the affair from an occasional correspondent, which we reproduce on page 117, and subjoin the following reliable account of the transaction:

> It appears from the statement of an intelligent eye-witness that the cause of this attack of the rebel rams on our squadron was owing to the capture of the *Princess Royal*, the captain and pilot of that vessel having escaped ashore during the darkness of the night, and communicated intelligence to the enemy.
>
> The *Princess Royal* endeavored to run the blockade by way of Beach Inlet on the 29th ult., but was discovered by the pilot-boat *Blunt*. On signal being given the *Unadilla* proceeded toward her, and captured the prize without other assistance. It was then discovered that the captain and pilot had succeeded in getting ashore by a small boat, carrying important dispatches to the rebel Government. The *Unadilla* carried her to the side of the *Housatonic*, and lay there till daylight, when a thunder of guns was heard, accompanied by sharp flashes of fire. It was supposed that our fleet was engaged in making, or the *Alabama* or *Florida* were endeavoring to force, an entrance. At daybreak two rebel iron-clads were seen coming down from the direction of Stono Inlet toward our fleet.
>
> They attacked the *Mercedita* first. One ram struck her on the water ridge, keeling her over, and at the same time firing a shot, which entered one of her boilers, causing the death of three persons, including a gunner, by a shot and steam. The ram then hailed the *Mercedita*, and Captain Stellwagen lowered one of his small boats, after leaving one of the plugs out, allowing the water to enter it. The ram answered our hail by replying, "Confederate ram *Palmetto State*. Do you surrender?" This was repeated three times, Captain Stellwagen replying at each inquiry, "I am in a sinking condition." The rebels answered, "God damn you to hell, if you don't surrender we will blow you out of water. Send your boat aboard."
>
> The boat which Captain Stellwagen lowered then conveyed his lieutenant (executive officer) to the side of the rebel ram, and the officer asked to be admitted on board. This was refused. The lieutenant then repeated Captain Stellwagen's statement that "we are in a sinking condition." The rebel officer replied, "You can't sink lower than the rails; we can not take you aboard." The officer then gave his parole, as demanded, and returned to his ship. The rebels were thus successfully deceived as to the condition of the *Mercedita*, thinking she was in a sinking condition. She lay in shoal water, and hence their reply that "she could not sink lower than her rails."
>
> The ram then steamed toward the *Keystone State*, and sent a shot through her steam drum, causing the death of twenty-one persons—twelve by the shot and nine by being scalded by steam. Fifteen were wounded, and are lying at Port Royal, some in a precarious condition. In the mean time the United States gun-boat *Housatonic* engaged the other ram, driving her away. At half past six o'clock in the morning both rams left the scene and proceeded up to Charleston.
>
> During this attack on our fleet, the *Princess Royal*, which lay near the *Housatonic*, and was the chief object of contest on both sides, succeeded in getting off, mainly through the energies of Third Assistant Engineer Thurston, who piled into her fires all the inflammable material at hand.

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